DOES FAITH IMPAIR FREEDOM? . . . By LISTON POPE

Saturday Review

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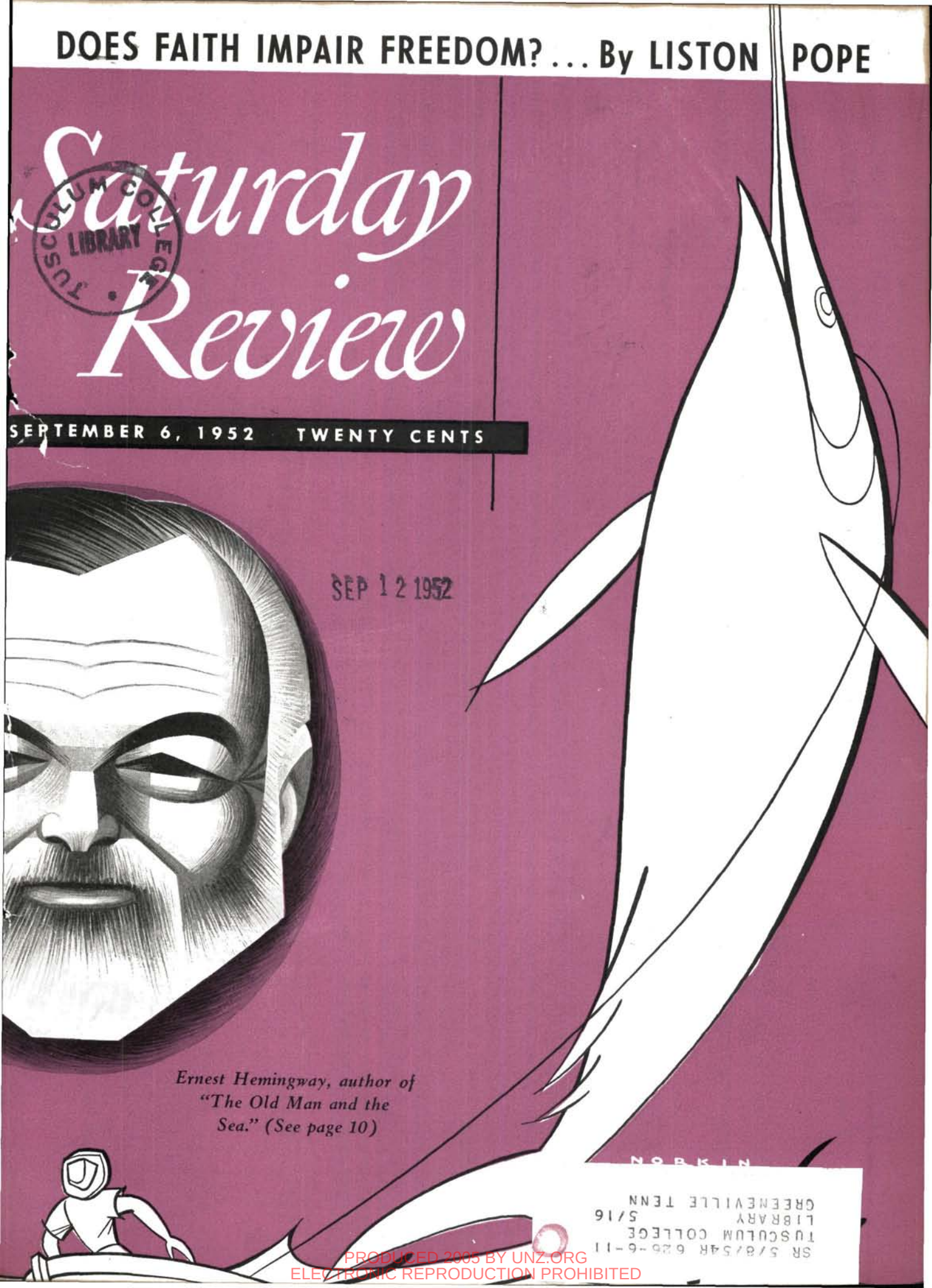
Ernest Hemingway, author of "The Old Man and the Sea." (See page 10)



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Good News

▶ Attached to a tray of earrings in the window of a tiny Chinese shop in New York is the following observation: "Wear a bit of color in your ears. Keep a smile in your face, make up your mind to be kind and considerate always. Married women will hasten husband coming, young ladies will find boy friends flock to her door, the world is yours to commend. This is not my advice just commonsense."

▶ Convicts at the Indiana State Prison can kiss their wives and sweethearts now, provided a chaperon is present.

▶ In Los Angeles, Leonard Ross was awarded a novice class "ham" radio operator's license after passing the examination with a score of 85. He amazed officials of the FCC by answering such questions as "What is meant by a parasitic oscillation?" He also passed a Morse code test which he had been studying for only two months. Leonard is seven years old.

▶ Singing in the Brain. A British-made electronic brain called Madam II will be used to solve problems for atomic energy scientists at the Chalk River atomic plant in Ontario, Canada. Given a coded version of the score the brain can sing "God Save the Queen." There is no sort of recording or phonograph mechanism in the electronic creature.

▶ In Collingswood, N. J., Mrs. Kate Sawyer said she still worked from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. just like any other "working girl." Mrs. Sawyer recently celebrated her ninety-ninth birthday. She has three living children, twenty-one grandchildren, twenty-four great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren.

▶ Baseball has its own United Nations. The thirty-four-man roster of the Cleveland Indians consists of eighteen nationalities. The Irish lead with fourteen, followed by German, seven; English, six; Negro, five; and Scotch, four. Led by a Spanish-speaking manager, Al Lopez, Cleveland's infield is composed of a Mexican, Jew, Negro, and Scotsman.The catcher is Irish. Pitchers Wynn and Garcia are of American Indian ancestry.

▶ As part of the celebration of its four hundredth anniversary, the city of San Paulo, Brazil, is sponsoring a unique international contest. The world's composers are being asked to submit a symphonic work, the best of which will receive a prize of $10,000 next year.

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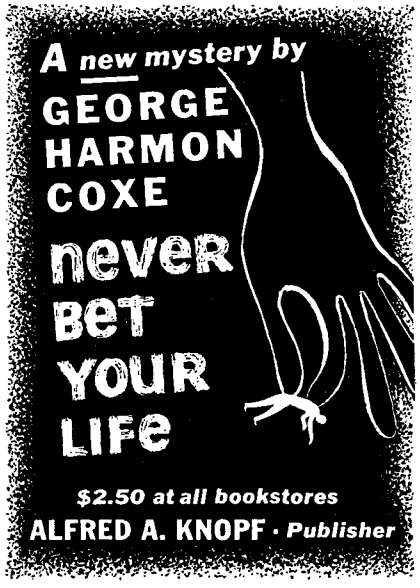

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The Saturday Review

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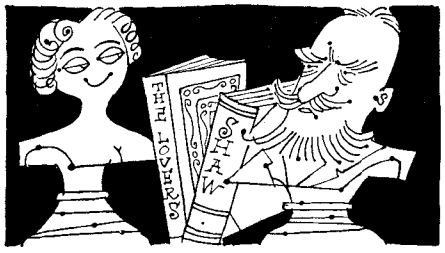
TRADE Winds

" 'THE LOVERS' TEARS THE VEIL of conventional morality from the lives of three beautiful women, and reveals the secret longings and the violent passions that possess them when they fall in love."

That's what it says in big black type in a double-spread ad to the book trade, by way of launching Kathleen (Amber) Winsor's third novel, to be published next week by Appleton-Century-Crofts. Of course the book may turn out to be of an intense intellectual nature, but on the basis of



the above this column's injunction (not necessarily reflecting the opinions of the sponsor, the station, or the network) is: climb back in that hammock; even though September is here, curvature reading is still in season.

GBS WROTE MORE PROSE than plays; most people don't realize that. In the Standard Edition of his work, there are nineteen volumes of prose and fourteen volumes of plays, and since about a quarter of the contents of the play volumes consists of prefaces, you could almost figure it at twenty-two volumes of prose to eleven of plays.

In any case, Shavians will now be able to have over a thousand pages of his best prose in a volume called, not unnaturally, "Selected Prose," edited by Diarmuid Russell (no relation to Bertrand, Lillian, or Senator, but the son of the famous A. E.). In the introduction, Mr. Russell says that all five of Shaw's novels were turned down by England's nineteenth-century publishers and that it was the implacable voice of those rejection slips that finally goaded Shaw into rejecting the novel as an art form and attempting his first play. The introduction also quotes, from "The Sanity of Art," a paragraph so typical of GBS at his rambunctious best that it is herewith offered to you:

Journalism can claim to be the highest form of literature; for all the highest literature is journalism. The writer who aims at producing the platitudes which are "not for an age, but for all time" has his reward in being unreadable in all ages: whilst Plato and Aristophanes trying to knock some sense into the Athens of their day, Shakespear peopling the same Athens with Elizabethan mechanics and Warwickshire hunts, Ibsen photographing the local doctors and vestrymen of a Norwegian parish, Carpaccio painting the life of St. Ursula exactly as if she was a lady living in the next street to him, are still alive and at home everywhere among the dust and ashes of many thousands of academic, punctilious, most archeologically correct men of letters avoiding the journalist's vulgar obsession with the ephemeral. I also am a journalist, proud of it, deliberately cutting out of my works all that is not journalism, convinced that nothing that is not journalism will live long as literature, or be of any use whilst it does live.

"Selected Prose" will be published next month by Dodd, Mead, who became Shaw's American publishers back in 1929, taking over from Brentano's all GBS plates but *not* taking over the deal for a straight, rich 25 per cent royalty. Mr. Edward Dodd, Jr., says that, contrary to all reports, Shaw was "not a sharp dealer, not with us anyhow. He never raised a fuss about our reducing him to a 15 per cent royalty, though he did give a minute scrutiny to every detail of business and insisted on drawing each and every one of his contracts himself, writing it all out in longhand."

In a way, "Selected Prose" is a long-delayed publishing triumph. "While Shaw was alive," Mr. Dodd says, "I tried many times to get his permission to do this. He never objected to the idea but he said he'd never let anyone select his stuff but himself, and he was too busy writing new stuff to be bothered going over the old."

THE HASSLE OVER COMIC BOOKS being what it is in most American families where there are young, it may come in as a handy new argument for *your* side to repeat a piece of intelligence just given me by my ten-year-old son. The U. S. Navy "has just put a ban on any of their ships selling war comics, on the grounds that they're too gory for the average American sailor. Scares them too much."

Upon being interviewed for this column, the young man, suffused in a glow of superiority over all Naval personnel, could not be accurate about naming his source for the above. He had read it somewhere, he said, "maybe in those 'sidelines' the *Tribune* has, or maybe in *Time*."

If any parent thinks it highly dubious that a boy would *offer* so potent an argument to the other side, it might be pointed out here that in my household the comic book anguish has always been missing, for the simple reason that I have always followed the line of peace, with or without honor, giving in to both my sons on their insatiable gobbling of comics. This was not as lazy as it sounds; I had a theory. Stated in its simplest terms, the theory was, "The kids always see *me* reading; they're forever hearing my friends talk about books; if nobody nags at them, they'll get around to reading books when they're good and ready to."

Six years ago, I had the first thrill of finding at least one of my theories work out. We were in Bermuda for the summer, in a rented house. It was hard to get comics; a boy had to take a ferry across the bay to Hamilton, or ride his bike for miles, and what's more, he had to spend a shilling of his own money when he got there. One day, my other son, who is now fifteen but was then nine and a half, came into my room and said, "Peg-GOTT-y? Is that how you say it?"

The house was full of old-fashioned books, and as I looked at him, the most curious shiver went up and down my parental spine. "PEGG-otty? What are you reading?"

" 'David Cooperfield'," he said blandly, "it's pretty good."

I left it that way, and "David Cooperfield" it's been ever since. That was the beginning of *his* real reading, and in the next three years he read most of Conrad, lots of Dickens, all of Kenneth Roberts, Dumas, lavishly and uncritically interspersed with Zane Grey and newer Westerns; at fourteen he read "Moby Dick," wept se-

cretly over "Les Miserables," laughed noisily over Mark Twain; this past year he has read a weird mixture of first-rate history and fifth-rate historical romance, as well as all the Steinbeck, Hemingway, Marquand, James Gould Couzzens, and Somerset Maugham we have in the house. He says that Hemingway's best work is his latest, "The Old Man and the Sea,"

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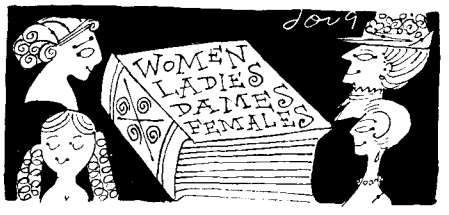
and that "The Grapes of Wrath" is the finest novel by any living American.

The younger one, also without suggestion from me, embarked on voracious book reading two summers ago, reading and re-reading all sixteen of the "Freddy" animal series by Walter R. Brooks; he went on to the endless procession of Hardy Boys by Franklin W. Dixon, to Horatio Hornblower in all his ranks, and to half a dozen of the Landmark Series. He has just finished Hemingway's "Old Man" and his fifteenth (approximately) reading of "The Thirteen Clocks" by James Thurber. He liked the new Hemingway also, but says Thurber is still the best. P. S.: They still read comics.

"FROM BLOOMERS TO BIKINIS, from Feminism to Freud," is the way Harcourt, Brace describes a book of pictures and text to be published next month. It's by Oliver Jensen, much of whose training in the ways of pictures and text came from *Life* magazine. Mr. Jensen, either because he is a very able citizen in his own right, or because he is of a build tall enough and powerful enough to put most athletes to shame, or because he seems to possess plenty of that mysterious commodity so glibly referred to these days as inner security, never gets miffed when he's described as "Jean Staf-



ford's husband." His book "The Revolt of American Women," records a century of change in the status of women, and is priced at $6.00, or little more than a nickel per year of revolt.

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER DEVOTEES who were too young or misguided twenty years ago to read the first few thousand Perry Mason books can now catch up to themselves and become Collectors as well. In October, Morrow begins "The Perry Mason Collectors' Editions," with "The Case of the Velvet Claws," first published in 1933, to be followed at two-week intervals by the cases of the "Sulky Girl," "Lucky Legs," and the like. For $2.50 each, you can get Perry Mason and Della Street all done up in black and red cloth, with gold lettering, stained tops, and the Maestro's initials stamped in front.

VARIETY IS AUTHORITY for the story that the Better Business Bureau of Boston (what lucky alliteration) has received a complaint from an irate book purchaser wanting his money back, his disappointment assuaged, and some sort of adequate emotional redress for his experience in answering a mail order ad addressed, "Men! Sensational! Shocking! Exotic!" This headline, exclamations and all, told of "the one book you should give to the woman of your life if you want to get the best out of life." The illustrations had better not be described in these sedate columns, nor the chapter titles listed, particularly since the complaint to the BBB of B made no mention of good taste or proper practice on the part of the advertiser, but only of the fact that when the book finally arrived, it turned out to be a cook book.

—Laura Z. Hobson.

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THE YOUNGER GENERATION of writers today have their own preoccupations. What distinguishes them as writers from their elders and betters?

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There are separate articles also on the work of the younger generation in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, France, Italy, Germany, Holland, Spain, Portugal, the Scandinavian countries, and Soviet Russia; together with articles on the younger American writers, the influence of American novelists on the world outside, and 'Discovering the Young,' by John Lehmann.

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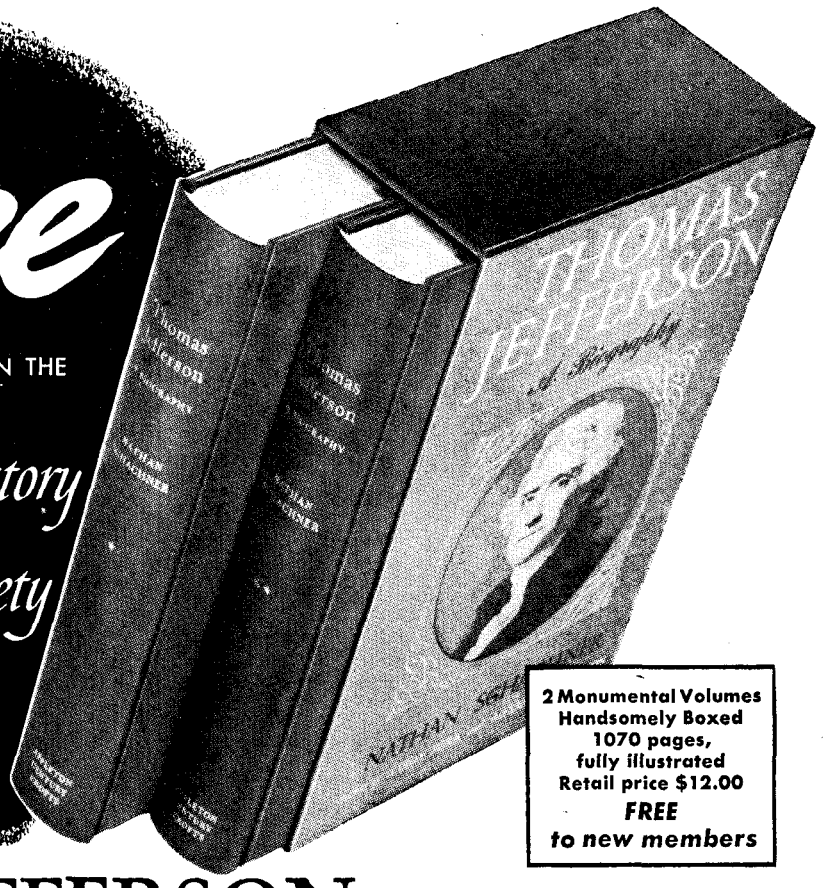

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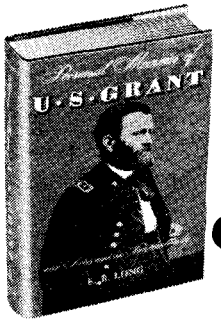

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The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 6, 1952

Does Faith Impair Freedom?

LISTON POPE

Liston Pope

THE Liberty Bell in Philadelphia has engraved on its side a verse from the book of Leviticus: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof." Over the portals of the Town Hall in New York City is inscribed a statement of Jesus recorded in the Gospel according to St. John: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

The contrast between these Biblical inscriptions poses sharply the central questions with regard to freedom, whether those questions be approached from a religious, philosophical, or practical standpoint. Is liberty to be proclaimed simply in its own name? Is it invested with its own ultimate authority? In philosophical terms is freedom in itself a first principle, a metaphysical absolute depending on nothing beyond itself? In practical terms what is the relation of freedom to responsibility, and of liberty to order? In religious terms what is the relation of man's freedom to God's overarching power? Can freedom be exercised and preserved only within some established order of truth?

This article by Liston Pope, dean of the Divinity School, Yale University, was adapted from a talk delivered earlier this year in connection with the centennial celebration of Coe College. The article will be included in a book containing the various addresses given as part of the symposium.

Religion has exhibited extraordinary variety in its long history. But it has almost universally attempted to relate man to an ultimate reality regarded as the final truth and as possessed of superhuman power. Accordingly, man's freedom has always been viewed and limited in the light of his responsibility to this ultimate power.

Religion has therefore often been considered authoritarian in character and antithetical to human freedom. In preliterate societies religion tends to permeate and to restrain nearly every aspect of conduct, and the words used to describe its characteristic modes are largely negative in implication. To be sure, religious activities involve the manipulation of power rather than its mere avoidance, and control over this power by certain individuals may add considerably to their own range of freedom. But relation to the religious being, whether this being is conceived as spirit, mana, fetish, or in some other way, is generally a fearsome thing, and a system of taboos and sacrifices regulates human conduct.

The great modern religions have likewise functioned in many instances as regulatory and prohibitory instruments. Each has developed a system of dogma that is alleged to represent ultimate truth. Each has developed a moral code to regulate the conduct of faithful adherents. Most have tended to be conservative forces in society, skeptical about new knowledge and adamant with regard to transgression of the moral code.

Christianity has often acted as an enemy of freedom. The Inquisition, confident that it knew the truth with theological exactness, defended it against freedom of belief and expression by secret hearings, the torture of witnesses, the condemnation and burning of books, and on occasion death by hanging or burning at the stake. The Puritan colony of Massachusetts, having determined true orthodoxy, rigorously stamped out dissent, driving out free spirits like Roger Williams. This latter action helped to populate Rhode Island and, ironically, to create religious freedom in America. But the Watch and Ward Society of Boston goes on—censoring, suppressing, banning.

IN a book published in 1897 President Andrew D. White of Cornell University charged that dogmatic theology has been in continual warfare with science and has therefore been one of the principal opponents of the freedom to know. President White did not regard science as an enemy of true religion; to the contrary, he believed that the advance of science would purify and reinforce the central aspects of religion. But he felt compelled to ascribe a different role to dogmatic theology.

The church in ages past has similarly placed a restraining hand on economic and political activities. For centuries it maintained a ban on the taking or giving of interest and was suspicious and often deprecatory of economic activities in general. In the realm of politics the church has frequently imposed its own rule in secular as well as in ecclesiastical affairs. Most of medieval Europe was governed by a vast theocracy centered in Rome. Experiments in the same direction characterized the earliest years of certain New England colonies. Church and state are very largely identified at present in Spain and in certain Latin American countries, usually to the detriment of political

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freedom on the part of the citizenry.

This picture of religious authoritarianism is not entirely unrelieved. Whatever the preponderant tendencies may have been, it is a distortion of history to assert that religion has characteristically been an enemy of human freedom. Whenever an ecclesiastical system has become seriously oppressive, a contrary religious movement has appeared to liberalize or to oppose the dominant hierarchy. The rise of the Zealots within Judaism, of the Bahais within Mohammedanism, of the monastic orders within Roman Catholicism, and of the Protestant Reformation all testify to this tendency.

Protestantism in particular is a child of the modern age—and some scholars, with Max Weber being most conspicuous, have asserted that in certain respects Protestantism is the parent of the modern age. In any event, Protestantism has been associated more closely with the complex of modern movements that emphasize freedom, such as individualism, democracy, nationalism, and capitalism. From that fact Protestantism derives its congeniality to the modern period and also its essential weakness in the face of authoritarian religious and political regimes. It should not be concluded that Protestanism has always been on the side of liberty, or that Catholicism has always supported regimentation.

Religious bodies have not been alone in the restriction of liberty in the service of truth. A great many so-called secular philosophies have led to the same result. Plato, in single-minded devotion to truth, proposes for his ideal republic a strict censorship of mental and spiritual activities. He goes so far as to require a list of authorized bedtime stories for children and to prohibit certain types of music and musical instruments. With greater gravity, Plato declares that materialists, atheists, and those who deny the providence or the goodness of God should be given imprisonment or death. For him truth alone has the right to be heard, and freedom to be in error is an intolerable doctrine.

In our own time, intellectual and social systems that claim truth most confidently have curtailed freedom most conspiciously. This was true of Fascism; it is also true, with some differences, of Communism. Despite its apparent relativism, Communism equates truth with its own system and tolerates no deviations therefrom. Nation after nation in Eastern Europe and in Asia has seen free institutions fall before Communist discipline controlled by Stalinist dogma.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." History is strewn with records of the persecution and tyranny administered by men who thought they were possessors of truth. It is of some comfort to realize that these tyrants were arrogant and incorrect in their pretensions. But in their own time and circumstances they considered their views to be correct.

WARNED by such examples from the past, modern democratic culture has placed primary emphasis on freedom and has assumed that truth would automatically be served. It has been taken for granted that liberated minds and spirits would devote themselves to the quest for the truth about the universe and about man's life on the earth, and that progress in knowledge and in social organization would necessarily result.

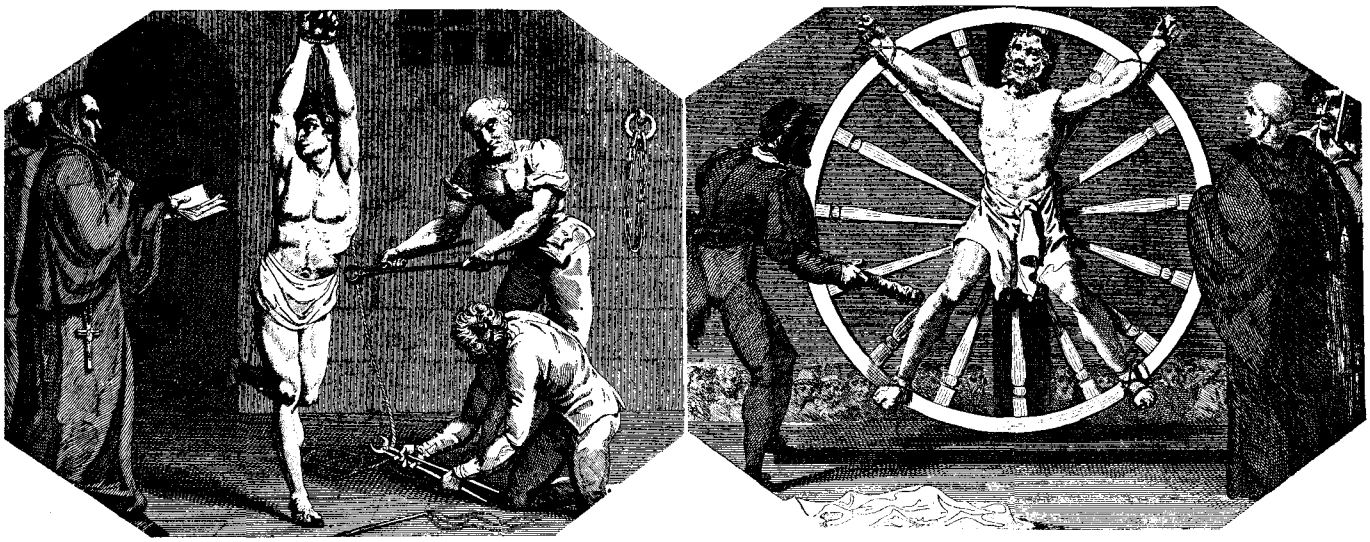
The eighteenth century was the matrix from which most contemporary ideas of freedom have come. As Carl Becker pointed out, "The eighteenth century was the moment in history when men experienced the first flush and freshness of the idea that man is master of his own fate." The American and French Revolutions testify to the extent and passion of this conviction. Men were to be freed from coercive institutions—from tyrannical government and dogmatic creeds—by their own efforts. Had not Rousseau declared that man is naturally good but is corrupted by institutions, and is born free but is everywhere in chains? Men were to be freed from superstition, and Voltaire's iconoclastic wit did a great deal to accomplish this purpose. Men were to be freed from autocratic government: the contents of the American Bill of Rights reveal that government was regarded as the chief danger to individual liberty. Men were to be freed from ignorance, and the American public school system was just around the corner.

The great emphasis was and has been on freedom from restraint. At best, great adventures of the human mind and spirit have followed—the remarkable flowering of science, creative work in the arts, new variations in religious experience, and political experiments in democracy.

At its worst, modern freedom has issued not simply in freedom from restraint but also in freedom has responsibility. Science, which has traditionally assumed that it was not responsible for the utilization of its discoveries, has now created the atom bomb and has been forced into a re-examination of its own responsibilities. Can science be neutral when its own discoveries threaten to destroy mankind? The human mind, free to produce atomic fission, appears unable to produce human unity, because unity requires responsibility to something beyond our own freedom.

Many of our democratic institutions continue to pride themselves primarily on their freedom rather than on

(*Continued on page* 32)



—*Culver Service.*

Two victims of the Inquisition—"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

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Fiction. This month holds uncommon literary interest because two of our greatest living novelists, whose last offerings proved considerable disappointments, are publishing new books. Ernest Hemingway's "Across the River and Into the Trees" of two years ago, it now happily develops, was only a temporary lapse; the Old Master has triumphantly regained his stride in a short novel that may well become a classic. "The Old Man and the Sea" is its name and Carlos Baker reviews it below. Of the other Old Master, John Steinbeck, we will have word a fortnight hence. . . . The other principal novels of the week come from overseas. The most successful is by Dino Buzzati, "The Tartar Steppe" (page 13), in the vein of Kafka and Junger. The late H. R. Lenormand was a French playwright who made a mark in the Twenties and Thirties; his "The Rising" (page 12) is good enough to make one regret that he did not turn to the novel form earlier in life. Curiously, British publicist John Strachey's first try at a novel of ideas, "The Frontiers" (page 12), is weak not only in narrative but in ideas.

The Marvel Who Must Die

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA. By Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 140 *pp.* $3.

By Carlos Baker

THE admirable Santiago, Hemingway's ancient mariner and protagonist of this triumphant short novel, enters the gallery of permanent heroes effortlessly, as if he had belonged there from the beginning.

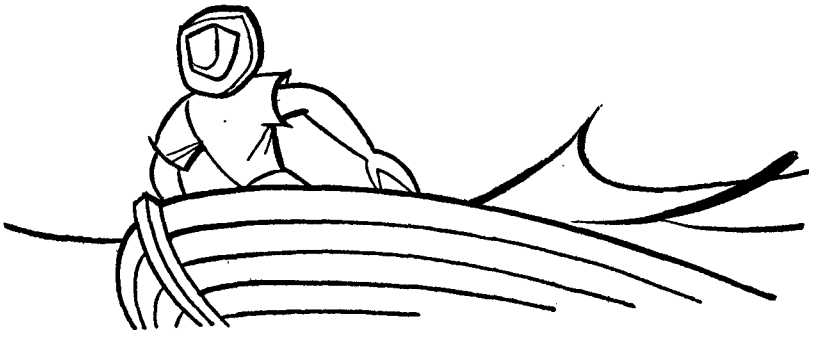
Indeed he has. His story belongs as much in our time as that of Nick Adams. He is one of the men without women, fighting it out alone with only a brave heart for company. He is one of the winners who takes nothing. Though he does not die, he is one of those for whom the bell tolls. What Santiago has at the close of his story is what all the heroes of Hemingway have had—the proud, quiet knowledge of having fought the fight, of having lasted it out, of having done a great thing to the bitter end of human strength.

Santiago, in the sum of things, is a tragic hero. His story, architectonically speaking, shows a natural tragic pattern. After eighty-four days without a strike, the old man rises in the cool dark morning and rows out alone towards the mile-deep Gulf Stream. It is the month of September, the time of the big fish. Towards noon of this eighty-fifth day, trolling his baits at various levels, he hooks a huge marlin down in the green dark of a hundred fathoms. Then through that long afternoon, and the night, and another day and another night, he hangs on with the line over his shoulder while his skiff is towed slowly northeastward through the calm September sea.

Living on strips of raw bonito, a flying fish, and part of a dolphin, washed down with nips from his water-bottle, Santiago takes and endures almost infinite pains. Twice the fish leaps clear of the water, trying to throw the hook. But it is not until noon of the third day out that Santiago manages to bring his great trophy finally to the surface and to drive his harpoon into that other fighting heart. The marlin is two feet longer than the skiff, too big to hoist aboard even if the old man's strength were still equal to the task. He lashes it alongside, comes about, and sets his patched old sail for home.

An hour later the first shark comes. The tragedy of subtraction begins. Number One is a handsome Mako, big and voracious, with eight raking rows of teeth. Santiago kills him with the harpoon, which is lost when the Mako sinks. Also lost, like a piece of the courageous old man's heart, is a great forty-pound bite from the side of the prize fish. What is worse, the scent of its blood spreads through the water like a lure for all the sea's rapacious attackers. Two more presently close in—ugly, shovel-nosed Galanos sharks, rending and tearing what the old man has earned by the sweat of his brow, the blood of his hands, and the indomitable pride of his endurance. Like the first, these are killed. But others follow: one, then a pair, and finally in the night a whole anonymous pack. Santiago fights them off with all he has (his knife lashed to an oar-butt, the boat's club, the tiller) until these break or are lost and there are no more weapons. Yet now there is no more trophy, either. If the old man were to look overside in the dark, he would see only the bony head, the proud perpendicular tail, and the picked white skeleton of his prize. The old man does not bother to look. He knows too well what has happened.

Once more, in his lengthening career as one of the few genuine tragic writers of modern times, Hemingway has memorably engaged a theme familiar to tragic literature. Santiago belongs among all those who have the strength and dignity to fight against great odds and to win moral victories, even though the tangible rewards may be lost in the process of the battle. On the heroic level, one thinks of Melville's Ahab, Whitman's Columbus, Sandburg's Lincoln. But the great skill here has been to take a simple fisherman and by setting his struggle against the background of the ancient and unchanging sea, and pitting him against an adversary worthy of his strength, to bring out his native ability and indomitability until, once having known him, we can never afterwards lose sight of him. Wordsworth's Michael and his leech-gatherer are pastoral types, artfully projected against the English hills and plains, and showing the resolution and independence which always tugged at Wordsworth's heart-strings, as Santiago's tug at ours. Yet the pitch here attained and held to is several degrees above the plane of pastoral tragedy. It approaches, as a tragic



Carlos Baker, professor of English at Princeton University, is the author of "Hemingway: The Writer as Artist," which will be published in early October.

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pattern, the story of King Lear, whose shark-hearted daughters bled him of his dominions and his hundred knights, yet left his dignity unimpaired and his native courage unshaken. "I will show him what a man can do," says Santiago of his marlin, "and what a man endures." The thousand times he has proved his worth before mean nothing. Now, climactically, he is proving it again, and earning nothing more tangible than our sympathy and admiration.

"One cannot hope to explain," says the publisher's commentary, "why the reading of this book is so profound an experience." One can, however, at least begin to explain the essence of the experience by making two related observations about it. The first is that the story not only shows a natural tragic pattern (which is no doubt why Hemingway was drawn to it); it develops also as a kind of natural parable. Like human life, for which it easily stands as an extended image, the struggle commences, grows, and subsides between one sleep and another. The parable of Santiago Agonistes works upon our sensibilities like a heroic metaphor achieved naturally and without manifest heroics. The result, a dividend above and beyond the pleasure of reading a fine story, is the discovery of an open-sided trope in which every man may locate some of the profounder aspects of his own spiritual biography.

The second point enters the region of religious experience. The theme of what is Christlike in every good man has grown in upon Hemingway since 1940, when the Christian Anselmo, another aged man, was established as the moral norm in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." The ancient Santiago, stumbling out of his boat with dried blood on his face from a partly healed wound, and with the deep cord-cuts like stigmata on his hands, carries the mast over his shoulder up the hill. Sleeping exhaustedly face down on the spread newspapers that cover the springs of his bed, he lies cruciform, with arms out straight and palms turned upwards. *In hoc signo vinces.* He has entered the Masonic order of Christian heroes. In short, Hemingway has enhanced the native power of his tragic parable by engaging, though unobtrusively, the further power of Christian symbolism. Somewhere between its parabolical and its Christian meaning lies one important explanation of this book's power to move us.

"The Old Man and The Sea" is a great short novel, told with consummate artistry and destined to become a classic in its kind. It is a good kind of present for a man to give the world on or about his fifty-third birthday.

A Letter from Hemingway

—Hotchner.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Whenever possible, material for this column is obtained in interviews with the author of the cover book for the week. In this case, however, it was impossible, since Mr. Hemingway resides in a suburb of Havana. So, Bernard Kalb, our interviewer, wrote Mr. Hemingway on Aug. 15, though neither his publisher nor his agent would bet on a reply. He wrote that he had to do a "400-word-or-so talk with Hemingway," and that he'd been advised to look up old clippings. "There are about five or six inches of clips in all," the letter read, "the first of them dating back to January 1919. It's history and it's fine, but it would be a lot better if there was something fresher. From my reading of the clips, I got the distinct impression that a good deal of the mail you receive winds up in the sea. I hope this letter doesn't." It went on to ask "how the writing is going, how the big book is coming and when we may expect it, how the fish are biting," adding that there was "a crazy deadline to meet—next Wednesday, Aug. 20, or a day later at the latest." The following reply came by return mail.

August 17, 1952

Dear Mr. Kalb:

Your letter came this morning and today is Sunday. Your deadline is Wednesday. So this may be worthless to you.

Let's skip the clippings. There will be new ones now. Anyway, for better or for worse, you wouldn't want a man to believe his own clippings would you? He would certainly get confused over a period of thirty-four years.

Four hundred words are a lot of words on a Sunday morning unless you are delivering the sermon. Maybe we better put this in question and answer form.

Question: How is the writing going?

Answer: About the same as always. Some days better than others. I've worked two and a half years steady now and could use a vacation.

Question: How is the big book?

Answer: Very long. I am in no hurry about it.

Question: When may we expect it?

Answer: As and when it seems best to publish it.

Question: Do you mean your answers to be curt?

Answer: No, truly. I do not like to talk about my work when I am writing it. Some people do. But, unfortunately, I don't.

Question: How is the fishing?

Answer: It was very good through Spring and early summer. It was worthless during the time of the sun spots and is picking up again now with a very heavy current in the Gulf Stream. We've caught twenty-five marlin this season and should get quite a few more. The best year I ever had we caught fifty-four. The fish that are running now are very big. I work in the early morning and fish when I've finished work.

These are all the questions you asked, Mr. Kalb, and we are pretty short on the four hundred words. Would it be any use to know that it has been pleasant and cool here at the farm all summer?

(We had our heat-wave last year.)

The other night it was so cool coming in from the Gulf Stream that I had to put on a flannel shirt and last night I put on a sweater steering home. Mary, my wife, is very well. She loves the ocean and has never been sea-sick and she fishes beautifully. She sleeps in the morning while I wake and work early and she handles all the problems, when she wakes, that I neglect because my head is in the writing. She reads what I write most days and I can tell if it moves her if it gives her gooseflesh. She can't simulate gooseflesh. Now I had better knock-off writing this and write something else.

Good luck.
Yours always,
Ernest Hemingway.

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Alas, Proud France

THE FRONTIERS. By John Strachey. New York: Random House. 250 pp. $3.

By Edmund Fuller

CERTAINLY it will not come as a surprise to anybody that a novel from the author of such earlier works as "The Coming Struggle for Power" and "Literature and Dialectical Materialism" is a novel of ideas. Neither should it be a great surprise that the ideas fail to be fused with, and developed through, action and character but are superimposed, as conversation, on an erratically constructed story. What is surprising is the general ineffectuality and tepidness of the ideas.

The story makes a quick, promising start when the young British pilot James Cranley goes off over France on a fighter mission, not long after the establishment of the Vichy regime. He has to bail out, comes down in the usual hedgerow in occupied France, and makes his way to a farm.

The usual ceases when he encounters an attractive, English-speaking French girl, Madeleine Dufour, very much a bourgeois, but of extremely vague background. In a few hours she conducts him, via bicycle, toward the border to Unoccupied France. They become lovers on the way, without a moment of lost time, and as soon as they have got across the border in this personally conducted flight, she marries him, reluctantly, at his urgent insistence. This is gratifying but not entirely clear.

H. R. Lenormand—"somber musings."

Now they go to the home of her friend, known as the Abbé, who is a passive Pétainist, through the feeling that total victory is probable for Hitler, and like the Abbé Sieyès, he aims to survive. He has another friend there, Jean Castille, a remarkably unprepossessing fellow considering that he is described as the foremost Communist writer in France. Jean says the USSR will survive.

Offered an official post in the regime, the Abbé is shaken out of his lethargy and refuses. The whole party thereupon takes off on a bicycle flight to a further frontier, hoping to smuggle James out. A considerable *singspiel* accompanies all this. From Ledoc, James swims to safety, as arranged by a mysterious agent speaking a fantastic "American" lingo.

The story, for all its unanswered questions, erratic movement, and abrupt finish, has some good lines. Madeleine says of the Germans, "They are all right at attention—but they cannot stand at ease." The Abbé forecasts "a beautifully ordered, a superbly mechanized dark ages; peaceful, industrious, prosperous." He also speaks, tellingly, of the odd "negative crimes" that come into existence under totalitarianism: crimes of *not* coming to meetings, of *not* applauding, of *not* making speeches.

In sum, however, there is no effective thinking in the book. If Mr. Strachey has nothing more to say than is embodied in James's amiable British stalwartness, Jean's glum Communism, and the Abbé's mild and tardy act of affirmation, then why say it? Over the whole book, in fact, there is such an air of unreality, that I almost wished the story hadn't stopped where it did. I'd like to have known how the war came out.

Between Two Poems

By Mae Winkler Goodman

BETWEEN two poems my poem stands alone,
Yet changed by each of them: the one before
Flows almost into mine; though not my own
It seems to lend it something; and even more
The one that follows, as if proximity
Upon a page could alter all I mean.
Oh editor, choose wisely, let there be
Coherence in the poems mine falls between.

And poets, whose poems precede and follow mine,
Know I am mindful of the part I bear.
I only pray I shall not mar your line
Or change your mood, or meaning unaware.
Strangers are we, yet closely linked together
Who give and take so much, each from the other.

Freedom's Debt

THE RISING. By H. R. Lenormand. Translated by Lothian Small. New York: Thames & Hudson. 270 pp. $3.

By Laurence LeSage

"I HAVE been the bird of ill-omen that has croaked obstinately around twentieth-century man, around his social conquests, his machines, his progress, and his perfections. In about thirty dramas I have prophesied the frightful cyclone that has not stopped raging. But it seems to me at times that a suspicious complicity linked me with the cyclone rather than with its victims. I see myself as a prophet suspected of treason, the not overhorrified witness to the disintegration of a society. At least I have not been a vendor of facile hope, ideal, or heroism."

In these words written not long before his death, H. R. Lenormand defined his mission as a writer. As we look back over his career, the ambivalence which he speaks of here seems indeed to have always been fundamental in his writing. He created a long line of pusillanimous and neurotic characters, paralyzed by conflicting urges or convictions. Driven this way and that by the hallucinations of northern fog or the mirages of desert sun, their inability to distinguish between the real and the unreal, the false and the true, led them to hysteria and then collapse. Literary historians trace Lenormand's plays, with their heavy atmosphere of morbidity and pessimism, back to the "Théâtre Libre" in which French symbolism and naturalism were blended with northern importations. If they were outside the main current in the French theatre during the Twenties and Thirties, they are closer today when the anguished heroes of Sartre and Camus struggle with fundamental issues on the Parisian stage.

With "The Rising," his last work, Lenormand left the theatre to carry on in the novel form his somber musings upon man's life and destiny. When it appeared posthumously last year in France, critics pondered the ambiguity of its message. It starts out in an anti-imperialist tone, with the European colony organizing a benefit while famine scourges the Algerian population. Yet the native uprising,

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instigated by Nathalie, the Communist agitator, brings pillage and massacre without ameliorating general conditions. Dollans, the French governor, sympathizes with the troublemakers, at the same time defending law and order. In the end both Nathalie's illusions and Dollans's disillusionment seem criminal. The novel founders in uncertainty. Events are too great for these persons, even though their hearts are dedicated to humanity. Lenormand has no solutions to offer.

To what extent does Dollans's refusal to check Nathalie's subversive activities come from sympathy with her ideal? To what extent from the tenderness felt by a frustrated old man for a beautiful girl? The ideological theme is complicated by the psychological. In Dollans, Lenormand depicts some of the sexual obsessions that beset him, particularly as he advanced in years. In his pathetic if lecherous senility, Dollans is a more sympathetic character than the sexless little Trotskyist.

It is regrettable that Lenormand came to the novel so late. We might expect of a dramatist excellent structure and dialogue. Where Lenormand surprises is in his scenes of the Arab uprising, panoramas of carnage worthy of Delacroix. The book suffers some mutilation in translation, but not enough to jeopardize its very real qualities.

Oasis Afar

THE TARTAR STEPPE. By Dino Buzzati. Translated by Stuart C. Hood. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 214 *pp.* $3.

By Serge Hughes

A DOOR opening on a desert unbroken by lines or sounds. In the rounded expanse, specks, probably other doors, sharpening by contrast the reality of the vision. Occasionally young men are seen approaching and crossing the threshold of the door, advancing slowly to specks in the distance, passing and pushing forward to further swells of sand and barely perceptible dots. But night comes swiftly to the desert, and although the sky remains clear and stars do not lose their light, the sand-waves drown out the figures, and the furthest ridge is rapidly lost to the curious eye. It may be that somewhere battlements will suddenly emerge from the sands, and perhaps from the summits voices will call to a solitary figure to do battle and to face the death of a hero. Or perhaps the furthest swell of sand will

(*Continued on page* 31)

The World. In the course of any discussion of the Far Eastern crisis someone is likely to denounce the Administration for "giving" China to the Communists and for refusing to back up Chiang Kai-shek in a military effort to free it from Moscow's grasp. The thesis has been advanced most notably in Freda Utley's "The China Story" (1951) and Ralph De Toledano's "Spies, Dupes, and Diplomats" (*SR* Aug. 2). Two new books offer rebuttal: Charles Patrick Fitzgerald's "Revolution in China" (page 16), which shows that Communism was a logical outgrowth of factors long at work in China which we could do little to arrest; and Fred W. Riggs's "Formosa Under China Nationalist Rule" (page 15), which like H. Maclear Bate's "Report from Formosa" (*SR* July 12) suggests that great hopes should not be placed on Chiang's forces. . . . Treason, another facet of our struggle with Russia, has been explored in such books as Alistair Cooke's "A Generation on Trial" (1951). Alan Moorehead writes of three men involved in atomic espionage in Britain in "The Traitors" (below).

Conspiracy of Chaos

THE TRAITORS. By Alan Moorehead. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 215 *pp.* $3.50.

By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

THERE is nothing new about treachery. But, in a curious and special sense, the age we are living in seems to be an age of treason. Espionage, for example, is no longer just a matter for the professionals; people spy today, not just for money or for excitement, but out of dedication to a faith and a principle. And the triumphs of modern science have given the spy—above all, the amateur spy—new and terrible power. The great spies of the past could deliver at best only a few political or military secrets. A Klaus Fuchs could deliver—has delivered—the power of life and death.

In "The Traitors" Alan Moorehead renders a report on three men involved in atomic espionage activities in England. He characterizes the men in vivid and perceptive language—the lonely, quiet, uncommunicative Allan Nunn May, the hard-drinking, chain-smoking, moody Klaus Fuchs, the merry and attractive Bruno Pontecorvo—and seeks soberly and thoughtfully to penetrate the secrets of their treason. Actually, there is not a great deal to write about Nunn May; and it appears that there may be doubt whether Pontecorvo is a traitor at all. So the meat of the book rests in the account of Fuchs, and in the attempt through Fuchs to explore the mystery and ordeal of an entire generation.

Klaus Fuchs—"mystery of [a] generation."

Mr. Moorehead tells the individual stories themselves with brilliant success. He is at his best on the strange figure of Fuchs, on his relationships with his fellow scientists first at Los Alamos and then at Harwell, and above all, on his relationship to the British security specialist William James Skardon. The scenes in which Skardon and the Harwell security officer, Wing Commander Arnold, treat with Fuchs seem almost a reflection of the great scenes of "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Moorehead had the cooperation of the Atomic Energy Division of the Ministry of Supply, as well as the help of many scientists and officials who knew Fuchs; and he puts the bits and pieces into a coherent and compelling story. (Indeed, at times one almost has the impression that Mr.

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Moorehead is seeking to reassure the Americans about the vigilance and efficiency of the British security services.)

But Mr. Moorehead's attempt to generalize from the individual episodes to a theory of twentieth-century treason is perhaps less successful. He starts out well by dismissing any attempt to explain the psychology of treason in religious or racial terms. He attaches—quite correctly—far more significance to the fact all three men were born within a year or two of each other at the end of the first decade of this century; that they did their spying in their early thirties; and thus all came under the influence of "the same succession of political events, at a special and chaotic moment of European history." Each of them came up against three overmastering influences—World War I in their childhood; the rise of Hitler in their youth; the Spanish War and Munich in their early manhood—and each was propelled by crisis into the Communist camp.

This is a fruitful and persuasive thesis. I am sorry that Mr. Moorehead chose to add to it an argument about moral anarchism. These men, he goes on to suggest, may have thought they were acting from honorable motives. But they committed the unpardonable sin: they elevated their own conscience above the rules of society. Fuchs, he says with distaste, was "basically a man who would always refer to his own conscience first and society afterward. There is no place for such men in an ordered community. They belong where Fuchs now is, sewing mail bags in Stafford gaol."

To Americans who remember Henry Thoreau, or W. H. Seward's cry about the "higher law than the Constitution," Mr. Moorehead's formulation has almost a totalitarian air of its own. It is this deification of society as against the individual conscience which has justified the unlimited tyranny of the Communists and the Fascists. Obviously Mr. Moorehead does not mean to go so far. And he is, of course, right in suggesting that we cannot have a society of men who flaunt the collective sense of the community in a frivolous and self-indulgent pursuit of their own inner light. But the society must be such as to compel the respect of the individual conscience before it can compel the obedience of the individual. Conscience and society, in short, must first come to terms before Mr. Moorehead's maximum can be safely followed.

But Mr. Moorehead is exploring a tricky area of human motives, and he is not to be blamed for occasionally losing his way. "The Traitors" is an engrossing and rewarding book—a thoughtful and informed comment on the tangled moralities of our time.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SHAKESPEREAN IN-LAWS

Albert W. Dowling, of Baltimore, invites you to match up these twenty Shakespearean in-laws with their proper relations. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 17.

1. Agamemnon's sister-in-law
2. Antony's brother-in-law
3. Baptista's son-in-law
4. Brabantio's son-in-law
5. Claudio's father-in-law
6. Duke of Burgundy's father-in-law
7. Duke of Milan's son-in-law
8. Egeus' son-in-law
9. Florizel's mother-in-law
10. Frederick's son-in-law
11. Gertrude's brother-in-law
12. Helena's mother-in-law
13. Juliet's sister-in-law
14. Lady Montague's daughter-in-law
15. Lorenzo's father-in-law
16. Luciana's brother-in-law
17. Orsino's brother-in-law
18. Posthumus Leonatus' father-in-law
19. Prospero's son-in-law
20. Volumnia's daughter-in-law

( ) Antipholus of Ephesus
( ) Caesar
( ) Claudius
( ) Countess of Rousillon
( ) Cymbeline
( ) Ferdinand
( ) Helen
( ) Hermione
( ) Isabella
( ) Juliet
( ) King Lear
( ) Leonato
( ) Lysander
( ) Oliver de Boys
( ) Othello
( ) Petruchio
( ) Sebastian
( ) Shylock
( ) Valentine
( ) Virgilia

Clutch of Hate

DEFENSE OF FREEDOM. By the Editors of La Prensa. New York: John Day Co. 315 pp. $4.

By Duncan Aikman

IN June 1943, *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, seventy-four years old and immensely successful as a business enterprise, was universally recognized as South America's outstanding newspaper. It covered its domestic news fronts in Argentina with unrivaled fulness. At the same time it gave its hundreds of thousands of readers a daily budget of foreign news larger and more ably edited than anything available in the press of all but one or two of the older world metropolises.

Its editorial policies were almost ideally free of ties with Argentine factional politics and from the influence of business pressure groups. To the extent that it rarely crusaded for economic or social reforms, *La Prensa* was essentially conservative. Since its founding in 1869, however, it had consistently upheld freedom of speech, thought, and the press as necessary to the civilized life of society. Its most conservative viewpoints thus were mellowed with the grand manner of nineteenth-century English "liberalism." However much they absorbed of its principles, Argentines bought more than 400,000 copies of *La Prensa* daily, and prized it as a symbol of cultural superiority.

Yet within less than eight years from this peak of popularity and acceptance, *La Prensa* as a free newspaper was deliberately destroyed by Argentina's totalitarian government. On June 4, 1943, a military coup in Buenos Aires brought into power a group of military authoritarians and gifted Fascist rabble-rousers, from which eventually emerged the regime of President Juan Domingo Peron. From that moment on, as the now exiled authors of "Defense of Freedom" put it, "the co-existence . . . of independent journalism . . . with a form of government anachronistic by several centuries became impossible. . . . The dictators issued their command: death to a free press."

This book relates with immense documentation and sober detail how the murder was done. *La Prensa* seldom directly attacked the regimes of Peron and his faceless predecessors, Provisional Presidents Ramirez and

Duncan Aikman has contributed numerous articles on Latin America and its problems to magazines.

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Farrell. Its crimes appear to have been that it opposed the government's obvious preference for the Fascist axis cause during World War II, published foreign criticism of the Peron regime as received over its worldwide news services, and maintained in principle its rights to the free expression of opinion as guaranteed—and still ostensibly guaranteed—in the Argentine constitution.

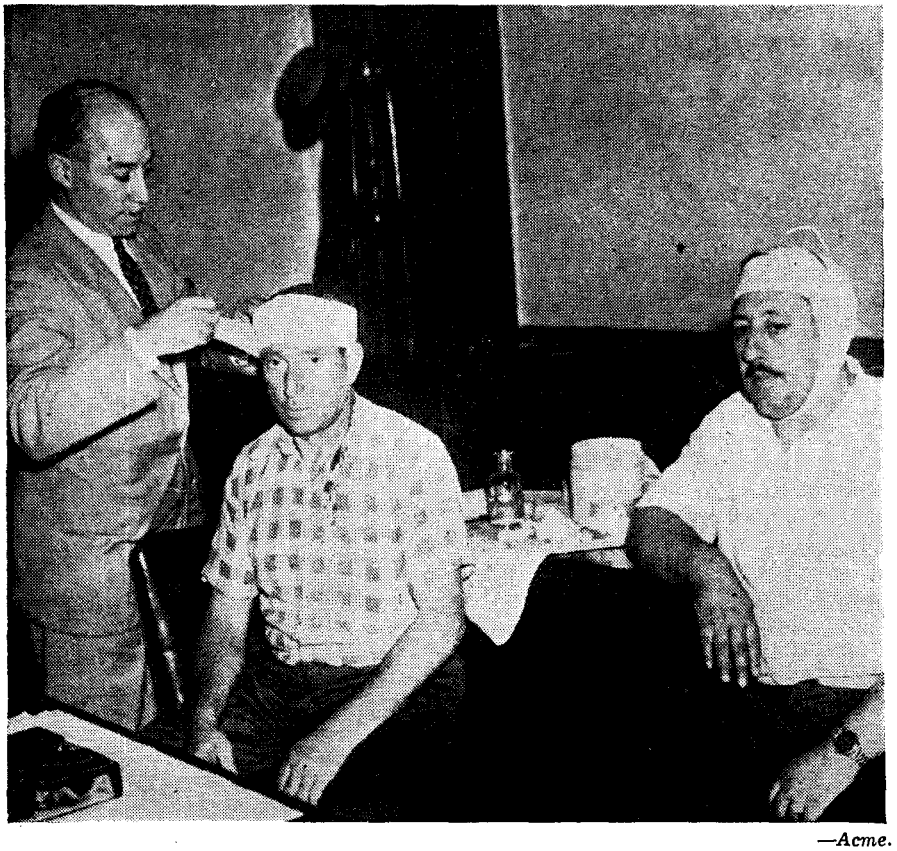
For this it was slowly strangled to death with pseudo-legal persecutions and penalties, acts of official terrorism, and police-protected mob violence. Once, for fancied insults to the Government's management of the Buenos Aires hospitals, its publication was suspended. Periodically for several years street gangs of Peronist thugs attacked its premises and sought to burn them. Loud-speakers set up in an adjacent building blared Peronist propaganda night and day through the windows of its editorial offices.

Its stocks of imported newsprint were expropriated, and a new Government rationing system on paper cut down its allotments to a point where it was reduced to half-size. Finally, in January 1951, a Government-instigated strike of the Argentine News Vendors Union led to occupation of *La Prensa*'s plant by an armed mob. The employes, seeking to re-enter the building in February, were shot up by bigger street gangs than ever. After they had regained possession at the cost of one dead and fourteen wounded, they were arrested by the police for causing the disturbance.

Political trickery finished the job. A congressional investigating committee appointed in March found *La Prensa* guilty of disloyalty to the state and of criminal conduct in its labor relations, and shoved through a bill in the Peronist Congress expropriating the property. Early in April, the Government transferred the title to the newspaper and all its possessions to a group of Peronist stooge leaders in the Argentine labor movement.

As a blow-by-blow account of these complicated proceedings, "Defense of Freedom" suffers, perhaps, from excessively literal translation of Argentine legal terminology and of *La Prensa*'s own views in ponderous Argentine rhetoric. It is essential to the record, but it is heavy going.

Moreover, it leaves a question hanging in the reader's mind. How much of *La Prensa*'s prestige among the respectable Argentines who supported it was due to their admiration for it as a perfect imitation of a foreign cultural institution—a beautifully tailored nineteenth-century British newspaper? How much was its downfall, then, due to the absence among the Argentine masses of that devotion to freedom of thought and the press for which, in the final struggle, *La Prensa* heroically sacrificed itself?



—Acme.

Two men treated by Dr. Nunez after the *La Prensa* riots—"absence of that devotion?"

Midget Old Guard

FORMOSA UNDER CHINESE NATIONALIST RULE. By Fred W. Riggs. New York: Macmillan Co. 195 pp. $2.75.

By Stuart Lillico

THE average American's views on Formosa—assuming for the moment that the subject ever enters his head—seem to be conditioned chiefly by whether he thinks the United States could have prevented the Communist conquest of China. For the specialist, on the other hand, Formosa itself is likely to be so smothered under political, ideological, and personal prejudices that objectivity has small chance of survival. In neither case is a clear, practical understanding of a particularly bothersome national problem likely to evolve.

China-born Dr. Fred W. Riggs has done an important service, therefore, in compiling "Formosa Under Chinese Nationalist Rule," a concise and impartial interim report that makes no pretense of being a definitive work, but is extremely readable and thoroughly informative.

On the basis of the best information available to him—and his bibliography ranges from Nationalist statements and Mutual Security statistics to the rebuttals of Formosan separatists—Dr. Riggs concludes that Formosa is making genuine recovery from the calamitous consequences of the Kuomintang takeover after VJ Day. But, he hastens to add, progress is ragged. In many cases it is directly dependent on continued American gifts.

Reporting on the political climate, Dr. Riggs is cautiously hopeful that the island may yet see a genuine reform in the traditionally graft-riddled and inefficient regime headed by Chiang Kai-shek. The blunders and sins of the Kuomintang in Formosa are summarized, but, suggests the author, events since VJ Day "may have induced a mood of contrition and rededication among Nationalist leaders which could lead to political miracles."

Health, education, and labor conditions seem to be somewhat better than you would expect, but it is in the economic sphere that Formosa appears to have made the best progress. Japan turned over to the Nationalists a

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Stuart Lillico, staff member of the Washington Times-Herald, *covered the Far Eastern scene for many years. He recently completed a mission for the United States Army engineers which included a journey to Formosa.*

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treasure house of railroads, harbors and highways, hydroelectric developments, modern sugar, aluminum and oil refineries, rice, tea, sugar cane, sweet potato and peanut plantations, and copper and coal mines. Furthermore, Formosa has been the beneficiary of some half billion dollars in direct and indirect aid from the United States. Altogether, the recovery of the island's economy has been more than merely encouraging. In some fields, things are actually better than during the Japanese heyday. Real wages, for example, compare well with those prevailing in 1937, and power production is better than under the Nipponese.

But, despite all this progress, Dr. Riggs is frankly skeptical of Generalissimo Chiang's chances of reconquering mainland China. The forces at his disposal are felt to be utterly inadequate. Even if the United States were to provide transport and air power, the Nationalists would remain hopelessly deficient in manpower. One serious setback on the mainland, says Riggs, and the show would be over.

The appendix of the volume includes a sort of Formosan separatist's manifesto, written by one Joshua Liao from exile in Hong Kong. It represents an important—if submerged—viewpoint among millions of Formosans, and deserves further study.

Hic Jacet

By Gustav Davidson

MY father was poor,
my mother lonely;
their hunger fed
on hope only.

How vain that hope,
how unbestowing,
they little guessed—
and died unknowing;

died, like all
who walk the earth:
the lost, the driven,
doomed from birth;

died (like Him, the
thrice-denied,
the spears of the righteous
in His side).

And this is as much
as can be said
of fathers, mothers,
myriads dead:

the whole of their lives,
words graved on stones;
the whole of their anguish,
dust and bones.

Disaster with Offspring

REVOLUTION IN CHINA. By Charles Patrick Fitzgerald. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. 290 pp. $4.50.

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

HERE is a book that must be read by all who seek to understand the present situation in China. The author, a member of the faculty of the Australian National University and an eminent Sinologist, has written a widely used history of China and was for a time a resident of Peking under the Communist regime. He therefore combines scholarship, time perspective, and first-hand observation as he seeks to interpret recent events.

Slightly less than half of this little volume is a historical narrative. In it the author first gives the situation which prepared the way for the present revolution. He recognizes it correctly, as not having been created by the Communists, but as having a long past. He sees it as due partly to pressure from the Occident, operating from the sea, but as arising chiefly from fundamental weaknesses in the "three pillars of support" of traditional China which, "riddled by white ants," "suddenly collapsed." The first of the three pillars was the conviction that the Chinese Empire was universal, the "only source of power, of orthodox doctrine, and of civilization." It was shattered by the disturbing discovery that Western peoples were civilized and must be dealt with on the basis of equality. The second pillar was agriculture, the basic occupation. The enormous growth in population in the eighteenth century, aggravated by the impact of Western imports, brought serious pressure on it and in consequence on the economy of the empire. The third and main pillar was the "orthodox doctrine of Confucian ethical and political teaching," perpetuated by the state and the scholar class. On contact with the West it proved "neither fallible nor essential to civilization." As the structure which was sustained by these pillars collapsed, democracy as we in the Anglo-Saxon world understand that term was tried, but failed because the Chinese did not have the necessary background for it. Now Communism has entered and triumphed because, so the author contends, it represents "the fundamental concepts of Chinese society in a form fitted to the changed world." As the Communists have framed them, they are "world sovereign authority . . . coterminous with

—Scott Long in Minneapolis Morning Tribune.
"Sad Story of Two Extremes."

civilization; a balanced economy by which only luxuries and surplus products are exchanged, the basic industries and basic transportation being managed by the state; [and] the establishment of an orthodox doctrine which harmonizes all the activities of the human being and provides a code of ethics, of politics, and of every other activity, including economics." The author professes neither to be pro-Communist nor anti-Communist, but he clearly believes that the present regime, with modifications, is to continue for an indefinite period and that not even a third world war is likely to upset it.

The latter part, somewhat more than half of the book, is devoted to various aspects of the revolution. Among them are Christianity and Christian mission, which Fitzgerald deems to have failed, the relations of the Western powers to the revolution, which he maintains to have been inept, the place of the revolution in the Far East as a whole, and possible future developments. Mr. Fitzgerald holds that China "is inevitably taking over the leadership in Asia." But he is not sure of the long-term future of Mao's New Democracy. He holds that to survive, it must, "like every previous regime which has governed in China," "conciliate the interests of the peasants and those of the scholars," and he is not at all certain that it will succeed

Kenneth Scott Latourette is Sterling Professor of Missions and Oriental History at Yale University. His new book, "The American Record in the Far East: 1945-1951," will be published this month.

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in holding the allegiance of the latter. He has much to say of the mistakes, as he views them, of the United States and of the unhappy dilemma in which that nation finds itself in the Far East. Yet he believes that Moscow has also been guilty of blunders, among them, probably, underestimating in 1945 and earlier the strength and significance of the Chinese Communists. He is also frankly puzzled by the Russian policy in Manchuria and is not clear whether it was dictated by stupidity or by extraordinary prescience. He certainly does not believe Stalin and his cohorts to have been infallible nor the tie between Moscow and Communist Peking to be eternally firm.

It is, of course, easy to find debatable points in a book which deals with such controversial issues. The author is certainly not pro-Communist, but he is quite clearly pro-British, and this bias has affected some of his judgments. He seems not to have understood the genius of Christianity and of Christian missions. He appears not to have taken adequately into account the basic economic problems which China presents to any regime nor to have faced frankly the issue of whether the Communists are likely to solve them. It is at least questionable whether, as he asserts, "there is no real doubt that the new system has obtained the support of the people." It can also be argued that the T'ai P'ing movement, of which he has a good deal to say, collapsed much more from irremediable internal weakness than, as he maintains, from the failure of support by the Western Powers and the aid which the latter gave to the Manchus. In spite of these and other questions on which honest and informed opinions differ, the book is one of the best which has been written on the Communist stage of the Chinese Revolution.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Helen, in Troilus and Cressida. 2. Caesar, in Antony and Cleopatra. 3. Petruchio, in The Taming of the Shrew. 4. Othello, in Othello. 5. Leonato, in Much Ado About Nothing. 6. Lear, in King Lear. 7. Valentine, in Two Gentlemen of Verona. 8. Lysander, in A Midsummer Night's Dream. 9. Hermione, in The Winter's Tale. 10. Oliver, in As You Like It. 11. Claudius, in Hamlet. 12. Countess of Rousillon, in All's Well That Ends Well. 13. Isabella, in Measure for Measure. 14. Juliet, in Romeo and Juliet. 15. Shylock, in The Merchant of Venice. 16. Antipholus, in Comedy of Errors. 17. Sebastian, in Twelfth Night. 18. Cymbeline, in Cymbeline. 19. Ferdinand, in The Tempest. 20. Virgilia, in Coriolanus.

—*From "Panzer Leader."*

Guderian near Roslaul (August 5, 1941)—"the willing and decisive tool."

"How Green Were My Steppes"

PANZER LEADER. By General Heinz Guderian. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 527 pp. $7.50.

By S. L. A. Marshall

THIS World War II memoir of General Heinz Guderian quite accurately reflects the man. He is a hunk of a German, with a warm personality, a charming presence, a love of hard work, and a talent for organization. He is also a first-class fighting man, though more of a plunger than a planner capable of understanding the whole design. He is also, politically, one of the most limited if not stupid men who has served a great state during crisis in modern times.

He was one of the key figures in Hitler's rise to power over Europe and in Germany's defeat which came of it. Anyone viewing his career in detachment would find it hard to determine whether he contributed most to the rise or to the fall.

Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, the distinguished British critic who writes the foreword to Guderian's book, appears in the role of a special pleader for a friend and disciple. Seen through his eyes, Guderian is a genius with almost boundless military gifts, and handicapped mainly by that lack of political insight and judgment which is so frequently marked in the military technician.

That is a possible view of any great tactician if one concentrates only upon his successful strokes on the battlefield and excludes consideration of his acts and influence on the over-all design and fortune of the state.

But in view of Germany's defeat, Guderian is hardly deserving of any such analysis. He was the main architect of the German armored force. His thinking was not particularly original. In the time when Germany was using mock-ups instead of tanks because of the Versailles Treaty, Guderian became a convert to the ideas of J. F. C. Fuller and Hart, who had theorized that by basing the offensive on armor warfare could be revolutionized. Accepting the tactical doctrine, Guderian set about creating the instrument, and so doing became the willing and decisive tool of an aggressor already on the prowl. He was heart and soul with his master at every point when the military object seemed within reach. He resisted Hitler only when he thought the scheme so ambitious as to risk defeat.

Without decisive strength in armor, Nazi Germany couldn't have risked unlimited aggression. And in turn, reliance on that weapon begot the overreaching which promoted Germany's battlefield defeat.

A soldier's part in this cannot be overlooked, although the soldier will not himself see it. Guderian complains bitterly that Nazi industry would not turn out carriers and other parts fast

Colonel S. L. A. Marshall, member of the editorial staff of The Detroit News, *was European theatre historian for the U.S. Army in World War II.*

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enough to put the army on tracks and thereby enable his splendid armor to roll from triumph to triumph. The solemn fact was that it *could* not do so because it never possessed such a capability. War is always fought with imperfect instruments. In 1940 when Hitler was at high tide, the fatal weaknesses in his military machine were plain to the eye of any trained observer and, in the nature of the case, they were irreparable.

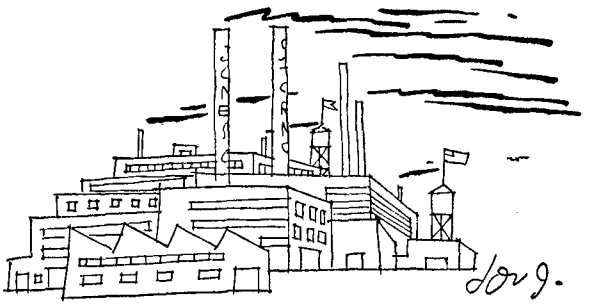
But this Guderian is quite a boy. By espousing armor, though he was an infantryman, he rose from captain to general in the early Hitler period. Having been the main builder of the machine, he proved it during battle in Poland. His great hour was the conquest of France; he was the one-man author of the tank plunge to the Channel coast at Abbeville, which was really the decisive maneuver. Russia cut him down to size. Though the book doesn't admit it, he fouled up badly in the battle south of Moscow, got crosswise of all of his superiors, and was removed. He blames this tragedy on the blindness of Hitler, thereby excusing himself and others in the military coterie who earlier had fed the mad man's illusions of omnipotence.

From such a life there should have been spun a memoir fairly tingling with excitement, suspense, and revelation. Such is not the case, although Guderian is sufficiently skilled as a writer. Most of the book is battle and, although he boasts frequently that Panzer generals ride up front, his work is based mainly on a diary whose entries have the monotone of a report made in a war room.

This is not a story of the German conduct of the war as a whole. For the most part, it is not an intimate glimpse of personal experience. There are occasional flash glimpses of the front, but not enough to offset the dulness of the routine recording of operations.

The chief interest lies in Guderian's recital of his personal experiences with Hitler, Goering, Himmler, Ribbentrop, Rundstedt, Todt, and the other main actors, particularly in the period when the walls are falling. All of these episodes are well told, with a due weighting of their dramatic values and a marked skill in character analysis.

But there is, nonetheless, the arresting moral that a man may be ever so highly placed and yet know very little of what makes the wheels run. Much of his personal trouble and of the mistakes in policy which Guderian blames on General Halder were in fact the fault of General von Brauchitsch, as study of the German records makes clear.



Sour Sources of Resources

MAN, MONEY, AND GOODS. By John S. Gambs. New York: Columbia University Press. 339 pp. $3.75.

By C. E. Ayres

ACCORDING to its author, this is "a book for mature, earnest, intelligent people who have a sincere interest in economic theory, but have never quite made contact with it." As such, it has many virtues, the most important being the fact that it exists. It would be difficult to name a subject on which there is greater need for such a book. This is true not only because economics is important. Cancer is important. But although it is indeed desirable that the public should be kept informed of the progress of cancer research and of the difficulties which still confront that effort, there is very little the public can do about it; whereas in the case of economics the public is continually called upon to make decisions with regard to basic economic policy. It may even be that the fate of Western civilization will be determined by the state of public understanding, or misunderstanding, of the essential nature of the industrial economy and of the forces at work in it. We should therefore be profoundly grateful to anybody who takes the trouble to write such a book as this.

Among the chief virtues of "Man, Money, and Goods" are its concern with theory and its candid recognition of the cleavage that exists between orthodox and dissenting theories. Everybody is aware of the cleavage between the Soviet Union and the West, and there is an all-too-general disposition to orient all economic thinking in an East-West direction. But this tendency is extremely dangerous. The truth is that capitalistic orthodoxy stems from a conception of the nature of the economy—and even of the nature of man and of society—which many present-day scholars find scientifically unacceptable for reasons that have nothing to do with Marxist Socialism or with Soviet dictatorship. It is greatly to the credit of Professor John S. Gambs, of Hamilton College, that he has employed his talents to help the reading public to understand these issues.

Moreover, his talents are considerable. Up to a point, his presentation of the contrary views of "standard" and dissenting theory is a model of expository clarity. His diction is lively and readable throughout, and the value of his book is enhanced by line drawings symbolizing various aspects of the economy and various predicaments of the economists—all of which, it is to be hoped, will attract many readers who ordinarily shun the dismal science.

Beyond a certain point, however, "Man, Money, and Goods" is disappointing. As general descriptions of various economic points of view, these chapters are amazingly clear and informative. But what are the decisive issues by which contrary bodies of theory are divided? What lies at the bottom of our present confusions? How can the reader go about making up his mind, and what difference will it make whether he does or not? The answers to these questions are not so clear.

For all his discernment, Professor Gambs himself seems not to have been able to make up his own mind. This seems not to be a matter of pedagogical restraint, the even-handed presentation of "both sides" that leaves the reader to "choose for himself." In order to choose, the reader must have a criterion; and that is just what he fails to get. Indeed, the author closes the book with the suggestion that none exists. Thus in the end what we learn from this study of economics is that there is nothing to be learned from the study of economics.

C. E. Ayres, professor of economics at the University of Texas, is the author of "The Divine Right of Capital," "The Theory of Economic Progress," and other books.

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Poetry. As poets and their critics return from the mountains and seashore to the workaday world *SR* takes a look at the volumes of and about verse published during the past quarter. On the basis of this evidence, it has been a quiet summer. Babette Deutsch is the author of a useful although scarcely trailblazing survey of contemporary American and British verse, "Poetry in Our Time," which Dudley Fitts reviews below. Lawrence Durrell gives a New Poet's interpretation of modern trends in verse-making in "A Key to Modern British Poetry," which Gerard Previn Meyer reviews on page 20. There are new volumes from the pens of such poets as W. S. Merwin, William D. Barney, Gerald Bullett, Shirley Barker, and Naomi Replansky, reviewed among the notes. Yet it is hardly fair to judge a season by what is published in the course of it. The fruit of the poets' and critics' labors will not be in a form to find readers until next winter at the earliest. Perhaps we should suspend our verdicts on this summer until then.

An Art, Angelic & Bedridden

POETRY IN OUR TIME. By Babette Deutsch. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 411 pp. $6.

By Dudley Fitts

IN 1935 Miss Deutsch published "This Modern Poetry," a critical investigation of contemporary verse in America and England. "Poetry in Our Time" is an extension, a revaluation, made necessary, as Miss Deutsch points out, not only by the impact of world events during the last fifteen years, but also by the shifting of certain reputations and the emergence of others. It is an extraordinarily useful book, thoughtfully composed and critically responsible. And unlike so many recent excursions, particularly into the field of poetry, it is readable.

Miss Deutsch undertakes the investigation of the last fifty years of poetry written in the English language—an ambitious project and, one may say, a dangerous one, since poets, the most neglected of artists, are, next to composers, the touchiest. The method is not chronological: indeed, this is not literary history; or if it is literary history, it is of the socio-philosophical kind that is far removed from the texts that tabulate, compare, collate, show trends, "schools," developments, and so on. This is history with a conscience. Yvor Winters (who, oddly, is not mentioned) would probably refuse to accept many of the conclusions, but he would certainly approve the moral tone. So: "the gulf between economic and moral responsibility"; "the divorce between man and nature"; "the dominance of an attitude that ignores whatever escapes the scientist's neat categories and sets the practical life of action above that of imaginative understanding, with what results Madrid and Hollywood, Moscow and Hiroshima bear various witness." Not brilliant, not novel, but refreshingly unexpected in a time of critical dust-weighing and heartless analysis.

The great reputations are handled competently, but with a few exceptions they do not provide the best criticism in the book. This seems to be because Miss Deutsch has been anticipated at nearly every point, and is forced either to acquiesce rather tamely or to strain for a violent originality which in some instances—Gerard Manley Hopkins, for example—verges upon the grotesque. It is accordingly in her discussion of lesser names—lesser because of youth or neglect—that she is most persuasive. I instance her fine appreciation of the work of Richard Wilbur and Robert Fitzgerald; and while no one could claim that Richard Eberhart is either a newcomer or that he has been neglected, I have nowhere seen his poetry more sensitively discussed in a brief compass. Passages like these are the triumphs of "Poetry in Our Time"; the conventional essays—Yeats, Robinson, and so on—are the useful substance which would make it a valuable textbook if the publishers had not confused pricing with astronomy.

In a way, the author of a book of this kind faces some of the problems that confront an anthologist. I can recite with some emotion on this point, for I, too, have had to make up my mind whom to put in and whom to leave out; and while with the Great Whales there is no problem, the friends of omitted minnow X are sure to cry mayhem and barratry over the inclusion of sardine Y. Miss Deutsch is aware of this. She realizes also that she can't include everybody—indeed, such all-inclusiveness would violate the very purpose of her study—but she hopes that she has "neglect[ed] neither the founders of modern verse, nor fine poets of slight output, nor yet the poets' poets of greater range." My chief criticism is that she has been far more generous than was necessary, and that she has allowed some very striking omissions. To take up the latter point first: what are we to make of a book on poetry in our time which makes no mention of Horace Gregory? Or Norman MacLeod? Or Donald Davidson? Or Kees, Nims, Berryman? I find Jean Garrigue here; but I do not find Ruth Herschberger or Anne Ridler or Kathleen Raine, and I am puzzled. But even so, the pages are too littered with names. In her free-wheeling passages Miss Deutsch seems determined to get as many poets onto the page as possible. The result too often is that each poet gets a sentence, or, at most, two sentences; and then we are off to the next. This process is neither fair to the poet nor rewarding to the reader. For instance: "There is at least one poet, Basil Bunting, who has done admirable work, especially in his revival of Villon, but whose performance in all respects but cadence is disconcertingly close to that of Pound." Exit Bunting, his brief day done; he is not referred to again. But if the gifted author of "Redimiculum Matellarum" deserves notice at all—and I am of the opinion that he does not—he certainly deserves something better than the vague and self-contradicting sentence quoted above.

Dudley Fitts has written several volumes of poetry and edited "Greek Plays in English Translation." He teaches at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

Babette Deutsch—"mayhem and barratry."

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A Norman Wisp

A KEY TO MODERN BRITISH POETRY. By Lawrence Durrell. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 209 *pp.* $3.

By Gerard Previn Meyer

THE latest in a growing list of books designed to attract readers to modern poetry or, at least, to smooth away that baffled look, comes to us, as if through symbolic design, by a tortuous geographical route. "A Key to Modern British Poetry" bears an Oklahoma imprint; but its author, a British poet born in India some forty years ago, originally delivered the substance of the book to a lecture audience in Argentina. There is an appropriate confusion in time, too: despite the 1952 date-of-publication, these lectures were given to their listeners in 1948; furthermore, though the survey of British poets which rounds out Mr. Durrell's "Key" ends with a chapter on "Poetry in the Thirties," he includes some discussion of Eliot's "Four Quartets" and Edith Sitwell's World War II verse, both productions, of course, postdating that decade.

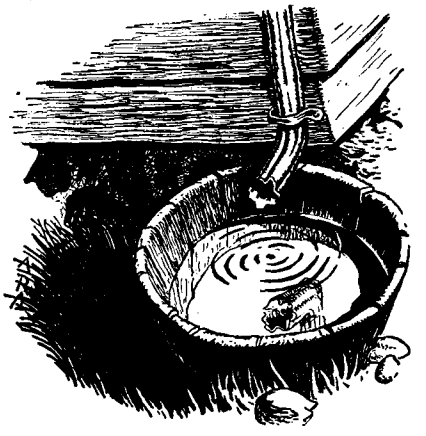
This melting of space and time barriers is thoroughly in keeping with the thesis set forth in the opening chapters—which is, simply, that the dissolution by recent physicists of previous concepts of space, time, and matter ("the outer universe"), together with the psychoanalysts' "vitalist" conclusions on the nature of the self ("the world within"), has radically altered the face of literature, of poetry especially. With the revolutionary changes in our concept of reality since the bad old days of mechanism has come a corresponding transformation in poetic aims and techniques.

True, Mr. Durrell is not the first to point this out; he disarmingly concedes his indebtedness to his predecessors in this field (Wyndham Lewis, Edmund Wilson, Whitehead, *et al.*) He disavows, in fact, any claim to "true scholarship"; he is a poet, not a scholar (hence, it would seem, his apparent indifference to the fact that a science-poetry connection has been traced at least as far back as the seventeenth century). Nor, as befits a New Poet, aware that the New Science (Planck) has all but repealed the "law" of cause-and-effect, does he insist too strongly on the causal relationship between modern science and modern poetry. He would not push his thesis too far.

But the thesis, as far as it goes, is a valid one. The recent spate of metaphors in contemporary poetry, with its conjunction of opposites; the cyclical method of Proust, Joyce, Rilke, and Eliot; the trend toward mysticism—these and other elements of technique and direction fit in too exactly with "the new concept of reality" established by Planck, Rutherford, Soddy, Alexander, and Einstein, by Freud, Rank, Jung, and Groddeck to go down as mere accident.

It is unlikely, by the way, that an American poet, or poet-critic, would turn out such a work as "A Key to Modern British Poetry" along such lines. There is not a bona-fide "explication" in the book; and though Mr. Durrell does, on occasion, grant a major premise of the "New Critics" (for example, "we must accept the poet's word order as the clearest statement of what he means"), he is more a neo-Romantic than a neo-Classicist, and he distrusts "the traditions of scientific rationalism" which tend to lead criticism of poetry in this country today down a mechanistic blind-alley.

When he gets down to cases to illustrate his thesis, Mr. Durrell is particularly good on Eliot; he contrasts "Gerontion" with Tennyson's "Ulysses" very neatly, his treatment of "The Waste Land" in terms of radio and film techniques is fresh and even exciting, while the "Quartets" fall perfectly into his pattern as the ultimate in spacetime art, pointing the way, perhaps, to the end of art altogether. The poet-in-the-lecturer is evident, too, in some happy images for the work of other poets treated: Hopkins—"He is the modern Tantalus, and his poetry is brimming with this unsatisfied thirst"; Auden—"He strums on a very dry, a very highly strung, banjo"; Spender—"His gift is a tenderness of eye"; and Edith Sitwell the Later—"She became a Prophetess instead of a Harlequin." On lesser lights, he is not always so impressive; some don't quite fit his plan, too many rush past like the phantoms on the bridge in "The Waste Land" ("I had not known Death had undone so many"). One detects the lecturer approaching the end of the course.



The Long Seasons

RENDEZVOUS IN A LANDSCAPE. By August Derleth. New York: Fine Editions Press. 54 *pp.* $2.50.

IN THE HOUSE AND OUT: And Other Poems. By Samuel Yellen. Bloomington: Indiana University Press. 62 *pp.* $2.50.

By Sara Henderson Hay

AUGUST DERLETH is undoubtedly one of our most industrious and versatile writers. A check-list of his publications over the past twenty-five years runs into somewhere around seventy-five titles, including historical novels, regional works, mainly about his beloved Wisconsin, detective stories, juveniles, tales of horror and the supernatural, science fiction, essays, journals, textbooks, serious studies on comic strips, and a vast body of poetry for both young and adult readers.

His latest volume, "Rendezvous in a Landscape," is a collection of poems divided into four groups: "Homage to Thoreau," "Homage to Robert Frost," "Homage to Psyche," "Homage to Edgar Lee Masters." Perhaps part of the weakness of the book lies in the fact that its poetic impact is made up of borrowed properties. In "Homage to Thoreau," it is the essential simplicity and concision of the quotations from "Walden" which impress the reader more than Mr. Derleth's exposition and restatement of them, however appreciatively and eloquently he elaborates upon the themes. "Homage to Robert Frost" leans heavily upon Frost himself; the lyrics in this group are in his idiom and in his manner. I do not question the authenticity of the poet's emotional experiences as presented in these poems, but he himself has been lost in the shadow which the inspirer of his homage casts. It was incautious of Mr. Derleth to put himself, as a poet, in such a position. Imitation always invites comparison with the original, and it is seldom to the advantage of the one who, whether in generous naivete or over self-confidence, has employed it. "Homage to Psyche" is a group of four lyrics of love and of the private yet universal landscape which Mr. Derleth celebrates; the book closes with a genuinely moving elegy addressed to Edgar Lee Masters, of Derleth's own Spoon River country,

> come full circle now
> to rest beneath his boyhood's sun
> and moon,
> to lie beneath starved rock, the
> whispering bough,

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and hear forever as his own the voices of the Spoon.

August Derleth has a real gift; he is observant, responsive, extremely fluent, and never pretentious. The sincerity of his poetic emotion is plain, but its intensity and profundity are weakened, I think, by its facility. Much of his work rises above mere superficiality because he is honestly moved and because his talent is considerable, but such an easy and wide responsiveness lacks pressure.

Samuel Yellen could be called, I suppose, a conservative modern, neither avant garde nor reactionary. He speaks with a crisp informality, a conversational idiom which is urbane rather than colloquial, sophisticated rather than homespun. I was interested to discover that although he is actually not particularly terse or economical, that he in fact sometimes rambles and is occasionally elaborate in his imagery, the overall impression I received from his recent book, "In the House and Out," was of a poet of considerable restraint, concision, and discipline.

A collection of poems, naturally enough, provides the reader with that larger screen on which the poet's essential qualities are thrown. Individual poems vary in mood and manner and in degree of excellence, but taken together one sees them as members of a whole, linked by the thread of a particular poetic personality. In Mr. Yellen's case the major characteristic is, I think, his acute awareness of the complexity of man's nature, not only in his response to outer circumstances but in his essential make-up. It is a theme which engrosses him and which reoccurs throughout the book; in the title poem very effectively implied and understated; in another, "The Colony," rather more explicit and, to my mind, too obviously stated at the conclusion, as if the poet were not sure that the "some score of souls which the Colony numbered

> all manner of men, even a woman and a child or two,
> Some with hands and feet, some with claws, hoofs, jowls,
> Moving by fits and starts, making a hullaballoo . . .

the dreamer, the mourner, the idiot, the clown, would not be identified by the reader as "Imyselfandme." Only occasionally, however, does Mr. Yellen overshoot his mark; for the most part the point of a poem is driven home with directness and precision and without explanatory morals.

His manner is, as I said, conversational, but it is highly articulate and selective. There are irony and compassion in his view, and a keen wit.

Poetry Notes

A MASK FOR JANUS. By W. S. Merwin. Yale University Press. $2.50. W. S. Merwin has just been awarded first publication in the latest addition to the Yale Series of Younger Poets for his volume "A Mask for Janus." This modern verse is singularly fine, for its intellectual perspectives remain and its intended silences linger long after the reading has been concluded. Mr. Merwin assumes a mask and informs it with the "I," so that what is uniquely his is always apparent, if impersonal. He writes in mythical terms, and since the myth like the mask avoids direct statement he is able to create symbols for the observable conceptions of Western culture. Mr. Merwin is a modern classicist who does not deny his debt to tradition. If he seems obscure, his work ultimately is illuminating. Withdrawn from the world of current politics, he is aware of the crisis in contemporary civilization. Neither is the ancestral world or the world-to-be remote from his, as these examples from "Dictum" and "Anabasis II" show: "And time will be sufficient . . ./To teach an order, and rehearse the days/Till the days are accomplished: so now the dove/Makes assignations with the olive tree . . ." and "In fear of the swift bird that shouts and sees. . . . Augurs of unreasonable seas/We seek a new dimension for the world."

There is an excellence in Mr. Merwin's technique that only long practice and an unusual ear could evolve. His carols and his songs are successive surprises, and his experiments in form and rhythm a delight. He has proportion and music and, above all, vision. There is accomplishment in this twenty-four-year-old poet and the promise of much more to come.

—I. L. Salomon.

NEWS FROM THE VILLAGE. By Gerald Bullett. Cambridge University Press. $1.75. The "bucolic tradition in English literature," notes Lawrence Durrell, "has continued up to today, offering us an unbroken line of nature-poets who have concentrated on simple observations and lucid workmanship." This description fits not only the best of the Georgians, for whom Mr. Durrell framed it, but also the latter-day Georgian (or, more properly perhaps, "Elizabethan") whose thirty-eight brief lyrics bring us "News from the Village."

Gerald Bullett's titles convey the flavor of pastoral: "Seen from a Hilltop," "Hill Sheep in Floodtime," "The Auction," "Cockcrow," "The Brook," etc. The flavor of the poetry itself has that well-seasoned touch which in *New* England we tend to associate with Robert Frost. The lines have that pithy colloquial turn; the poet's eye sees with the farmer's shrewdness, and, as in Vermont, there is more to the experience recorded than meets the eye.

Tenderness mellows Mr. Bullett's irony in these brief lines; and the irony rescues these country notations from the sort of bathos that Wordsworth too often fell into. Economy of words rounds the last lines into gnomic sayings, and the controlled melancholy finds its justification in such verses as these:

> So, lips, be not so loud:
> The jealous gods are nigh:
> Who knows but even now
> We breathe our last goodbye?

—Gerard Previn Meyer.

KNEEL FROM THE STONE. By William D. Barney. Dallas: Kaleidograph Press. $2. This is a first book of poems by William D. Barney, a young verse-maker, who has won any number of minor poetry awards and honorable mentions. That is to say, he has achieved a discipline in the craft that will delight the *status quo* enthusiasts among the traditionalists. His poetry has a country air about it; he loves the land and its folkways, as poem after poem attests. In his better lyrics, he is deliberately sensible, if perilously explicit, as witness: "But I have need of stern, uncomely goods/Got only in the ruin of wet woods." The mood is quiet and self-contained, mild and not overly exhilarating.

His nature poems ("Cross Timbers," "A Sowing of Bluebonnet Seed," "Owl Feeding Upon a Strand," "Thaw") reveal a mastery in technique properly wedded to subject matter. In a long poem, "Bracero," Mr. Barney does not have the poetic equipment to sustain a tragic action for several pages. The lines are strong, the images good, but the dramatic impact merely approximates the power in the theme.

Mr. Barney's forte lies in exploiting the brief lyric, where his technical

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The Censors & the Public

RECENTLY, while standing by the desk of Representative E. S. Gathings (D.-Ark.) in the House Office Building, Washington, we found it difficult to avoid being startled by a sprawling mass of lurid magazines and books. The sordid covers and contents, dedicated to violence, raw sex, and crime created their own shock of surprise that such publications are sold openly on U. S. newsstands.

As chairman of a special committee recently created by Congress, Rep. Gathings reported he was explicitly empowered to investigate 1) "the extent to which current literature—books, magazines, and comic books—containing immoral, obscene, or otherwise offensive matter, or placing improper emphasis on crime, violence, and corruption are being made available to the people of the United States through the U. S. mails and otherwise," and 2) "to determine the adequacy of existing law to prevent the publication and distribution of books containing immoral, offensive, and other undesirable matter."

A leading distributor of pocket-sized books, Samuel Black of Springfield, Massachusetts, had warned a distributors' convention this spring:

"Frankly, there is no real justification or excuse for much of the material we are distributing. It is imperative that we free ourselves, without delay, from the constant fear that haunts us everytime we put out a pocket-size book which causes one to wonder what manner of diseased mind can contrive such tripe; with covers that continually are becoming more and more revealing, and in many instances have little relation to, or bearing upon, the subject matter; or magazines, so-called, reeking with articles on sex and undraped women that have reached a point of undiluted, disgusting obscenity; fact-detective magazines that depict murder and the most horrible of crimes with revolting photographic detail.

"Many of these magazines, in addition, carry advertising of a nature so objectionable and personal that we would not, under any circumstances, want our own children to be exposed to it.

"The youth of the country must be respected, not corrupted, as is the case with much of the material now spewing from the presses—and I say 'spewing' without any reservation."

This is soul-searching with a vengeance. The American Book Publishers Council is troubled about this problem. Steps in self-regulation are now being taken by the radio-television industry through the new code of standards of the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters. The networks are facing a similar investigation now being conducted by another House committee likewise authorized by a resolution sponsored by Gathings.

Observing Rep. Gathings's earnest approach to his inquiry, it was difficult not to agree quickly and completely with him. *The Saturday Review* is a member of the family of magazines and books. Anything that touches them touches us, and here was a visible shame that had to be condemned; an evil abuse that made censorship almost a plausible corrective, that gave credence to the outcries and vigilantism of private pressure groups.

Still underneath the valid provocation, the obvious abuse, there was a nagging doubt. An important principle of American freedom possibly was being obscured because of the sordidness of the exhibits cluttering Rep. Gathings's desk.

PERHAPS *The Washington Post* put its finger on the heart of the matter when the Gathings resolutions on books was originally being considered in the House. A *Post* editorial commented:

"Here is an indubitably pious resolution embracing dangerously vague concepts. Who can say what constitutes 'offensive matter' or precisely what degree of emphasis on crime, violence, and corruption is 'improper'? This investigation would be a threat to every publisher. It would amount, in effect, to a form of intimidation. Defective and sometimes sordid as the products of American printing presses may be, it is best to leave these products to the judgment of the public. There is not such a thing as good censorship."

This eloquently expresses a principle so basic in American life that *The Saturday Review* says "Amen." It is the old story of the cure being worse than the illness. The problem troubling Gathings is serious and difficult, but the method for dealing with it by committee is dangerous and futile.

The fact that the Gathings committee would lead us down a dangerous road, however, should not allow us to minimize the necessity of the most searching consideration by responsible executives in publishing and radio-TV of their own responsibility for the products they offer the public. Their hands are not blameless. The answer to censorship in a democracy is the progressive education of the public taste to reject the bad and demand the good, without recourse to official censors or the extremism of many private pressure groups.

Furthermore, it should be particularly noted that what has been under discussion here is the flagrant excesses among publications, books, and radio-TV rather than the fine thought, great literature, wholesome adventure, and good music that they are bringing the public in ever larger measure. The best of the pocket-book publishers, for example, are reprinting for an appreciative mass audience more and more of the best of contemporary and traditional literature.

To trust the judgment of the people—in cultural as in political matters—in a time of stress and suspicion is the real test of a democracy. *The Saturday Review* has confidence that both our democracy and our people will pass the test.

—W. D. P.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Measured Progress

▶ When H. A. Overstreet says [*SR* Aug. 2] that to make more freedom in the world is an alternative to disaster, I agree. How to go about spreading this freedom is the question.

In Europe we can get along very well. Those people are our kinfolk. They belong to our same civilization. Their traditions, ideals, culture, are ours. We understand each other and find it reasonably easy to work together. But Asia is something else. There we find entirely different cultures; therefore, we run into all kinds of difficulties.

We Americans, in our comparative simplicity and naivete, have been very unfortunate in our contacts with these other civilizations. It is only recently that we have awakened to the fact that human progress is not altogether measured in terms of industrialization and gadgetry. These facets of our culture we have developed to the greatest extent. Therefore, I suppose it is natural that we should use them as a yardstick to measure man's advance. The truth is that a great many of our people, including some of our top thinkers, still believe that a nation is necessarily second-rate if it does not have sewerage, power farm tools, television, etc. If we expect to work with these folk we must overcome our idea of the superiority of the white race. As we study the situation, we may find that in the realm of pure thought we are a little behind and need some help ourselves.

That we should be a little backward mentally is only natural. In our country for the last hundred years there has been a swing away from the general development of the intellect. We have directed our attention to invention and science as applied to business and have almost completely neglected history, philosophy, religion, music, and literature. Even in politics we distrust a man who is smart. We elect someone like ourselves, a mediocrity.

I think we will not spread freedom by forcing our way of life on any one. The vast majority of the inhabitants of the earth don't like it the way we do. And it is not because of ignorance on their part. They know what we've got and they still don't want it. Up to now we have been trying to influence the Asiatic peoples with dollars instead of brains, and it just won't work. So let's see if we can't have a change. If we handle the situation correctly, there is a good chance of the Free World beating Communism.

Benton Collins.

Marshall, Texas.

The Way Witches Died

▶ I was surprised to read in the excerpt from H. A. Overstreet's book "Alternative to Disaster" that "Cotton Mather . . . drowned the witches of Salem." The witches of Salem were neither drowned nor buried. With one single exception they were all hanged. This exception was a man who was pressed to death.

Elima A. Foster.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"And I say that Cheops is the kind of king who will be satisfied with a simple, inconspicuous burial."

Aspects of Ceylon

▶ Irving Kolodin rightly reports [*SR* Aug. 16] the beauties of Aspen, Colorado, but contrasts the congeniality of its people with "Pope's applicable phrase, 'where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.'"

The phrase is not from Pope, but from the hymn by Reginald Heber, "From Greenland's icy mountains." Incidentally, there is a humorous anecdote in connection with the very verse quoted by Mr. Kolodin. The text runs:

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile . . .

When I visited Ceylon I discovered that the hymn book in use in the churches of that island carried the hymn, but the text read:

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle. . . .

Donald Grey Barnhouse.

Doylestown, Pa.

"Dr. Thorne"

▶ Ben Ray Redman says of Anthony Trollope's "Dr. Thorne" [*SR* July 5] that the plot is among his most satisfactory constructions. Trollope thought so, too, and he explains in Chapter VI of his "Autobiography" that his brother sketched the plot for him. He says that this was the only occasion when he used another person's work for the thread of a story. In Chapter VII he says that the plot of "Dr. Thorne" is good. He goes on to say that the success of the book surprised him. He considered a good plot the most insignificant part of a tale.

Mary Johnston.

Freeport, Ill.

A Paradox

▶ The able and excellent article "Selling America Short" by Ashley Montagu [*SR* July 26] hits the proverbial nail on the head. Of course the unpopularity of Americans abroad has existed for many years but has become greatly accentuated since the last war. Much of it is based on envy paradoxically increased by the Marshall Plan and our ill considered handouts. On the other hand, it seems to the writer that our unpopularity in foreign countries is of little consequence. The British were always highly unpopular during their period of world domination, but they were respected. We are not. We should be respected even if disliked. It is doubtless the character of our chief export, the American tourist, which causes this lack of respect, for the reasons stated by Mr. Montagu. The only countries where liking and respect of Americans exist at all at present are Italy and Brazil.

Edgar C. Riebe.

Nassau, B. W. I.

Saint or Sancta?

▶ In Geoffrey Brunn's fine review of Harold Lamb's [*SR* Aug. 16] "Theodora and the Emperor" we meet "the church of Saint Sophia." Unless I have been incorrectly informed it is "Sancta Sophia," or "Holy Wisdom," and not a Saint as Paul, Peter, etc.

(Rev.) T. E. Spofford.

Jamestown, N. Y.

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Broadway Postscript

RICHARD ALDRICH, CAPE COD'S BENEVOLENT CZAR

SUMMER theatre can be hokum, Broadway transplanted into the country, or an art festival. Mostly it is the first, for climate and the vacationing spirit militate against serious effort. Richard Aldrich, who would like to subscribe to the third ideal, admits, on adding up the 1952 season, that even the second is becoming increasingly difficult to maintain.

"The trend," says the tall producer, who operates playhouses at Dennis and Falmouth on Cape Cod, "is towards more package productions (productions rehearsed in New York and sent out on one-week stands at several playhouses), which means less control by the summer theatre manager. One package we bought in the belief that two good Broadway actors would support a well-known TV star. The two actors, however, did not wind up in the package and we had a second-rate show on our hands. Fortunately, it did good business just on the star's name."

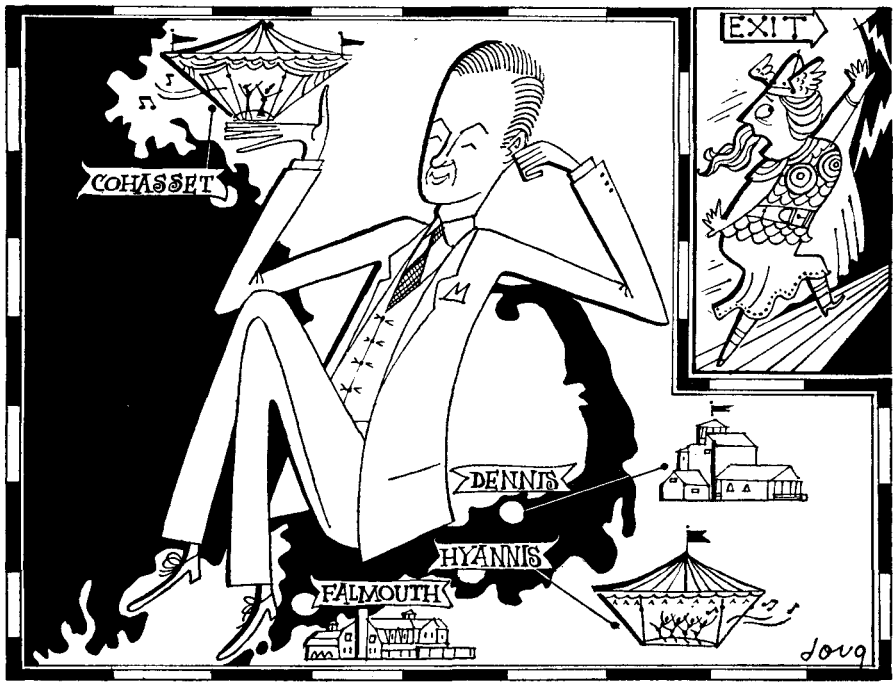
That Aldrich should be suffering esthetically if not financially from the evils of the star system is an ironic twist. For it was he who paid the first four-figure salary check ever disbursed for a week's stint on a summer stage. This was to the late Jane Cowl back in the Thirties, and the financial success of the experiment started the trend towards higher and higher salaries for stars. It has come to the point where a motion-picture star with no proven stage talent can make more (up to $5,000 a week) for a summer theatre appearance than he or she ever made in Hollywood or on Broadway. In order to absorb this salary, the supporting cast is often low-paid and inadequate. This condition does not seem to bother the tourists, who evidently prefer one widely publicized star in a piece of sloppy nonsense to a group of actors known only to Broadway theatregoers giving an excellent and disciplined performance of a substantial play.

Being the descendant of a Boston banking family, Aldrich has a passion for making a go of things that leads him into making the best of whatever the public taste happens to be. Yet there is a second man inside him which is dedicated to good theatre. This second man was apparent when in 1946 he, as managing director of Theatre Incorporated, brought the Old Vic troupe to New York. "If I am to have an epitaph," he jokes, "I would want that to be it." (One also suspects that he wouldn't mind a footnote to the epitaph explaining that the idealistic venture made some $30,000 for its sponsors.) It is this same combination of hard-headedness and high-mindedness that now makes him fight to whittle down stars' salaries, royalties, etc., in order to invest the extra money in good supporting casts.

• Of all the summer stock managers, he has probably the most power to get cooperative action in the control of the salary situation. Not only is he a major Broadway producer (more than thirty plays), a theatre manager operating four summer theatres and the year-round National Theatre in Washington, D. C., but he also prepares packages of his own which he distributes to his playhouses and to a few other strawhats. Because many of these packages are quality hits that are sure-fire profit and prestige for any playhouse that can book them, Aldrich is in a position to dole them out to those theatres which maintain high standards of operation. His list includes Ogunquit, Fitchburg, Newport, Easthampton, Westport, Ivoryton, Mountainhome, Bucks County, and Olney. If Aldrich and the managers of these theatres agree on a package, that package is in business, which makes the producers of these enterprises most receptive to the manager's stipulations. In addition, it was Aldrich who supported the move to pay strawhat performers the Equity minimum salary, a fact which gives him unusual strength when the stock managers need someone to go to bat for them in asking the actors' union to waive a rule. This year, for instance, Beatrice Lillie consented to appear in a revue for Aldrich and a few of the others, provided she were allowed to use British actor Reginald Gardiner as co-star. Equity ruled against Miss Lillie's request, but reversed itself on a personal appeal by Aldrich. The revue, incidentally, did SRO business everywhere it played and is scheduled for a limited Broadway run this fall.

ANOTHER advantage of this summer theatre cartel is that by all agreeing to devote a week to an experimental production the managers can insure that it will be done "first class." This year, Aldrich gave a week to the Slavenska-Franklin-Danilova Ballet because he felt that summer theatre audiences should be offered a new type of entertainment. The ballet did not do well at the Dennis box-office, but oddly enough did fine business at Ogunquit, Olney, and Westport. This success elsewhere gave the Dennis manager vicarious satisfaction, since without his booking this novel project might not have been possible.

Pioneering novel projects has intrigued the outwardly conservative Bostonian ever since 1923, when on a summer vacation from Harvard he toured with the Jitney Players, taking theatre into places where it had never been before. Today most of the stops on the Jitney route have summer theatres of their own, and



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where there used to be four summer theatres operating on weekly budgets of less than $1,000 there are now more than 150 and the budgets can go as high as $15,000. Aldrich mourns the good old days when playhouses were usually designed by Cleon Throckmorton, stars appeared for a nominal salary just for the fun of doing a new play, and subscription audiences came week after week, often dressing for opening nights. On the other hand he is tickled pink with his expensive new toy, the music circuses.

The circuses at Hyannis and Cohasset feature musical comedies or operettas played on a small circular stage at the center of a huge tent. The orchestras consist of a few fiddles, a piano, an electric organ, and a drum—which are just enough to give the illusion of a Broadway pit band. The productions are challenging for the director and the performers because, just as in night clubs, the premium is on ingenuity and speed. An additional hazard for delicate or overweight performers is that their exits must be made on the double up an inclined ramp out the door of the tent—where they are sometimes greeted by a raging thunderstorm. "Good preparation for playing 'King Lear'," notes one of them. On the whole, actors seem to enjoy the hopped-up pace at the music circuses, for it often gives a player who has been doing minor roles on Broadway a chance to develop in major roles. Lorraine Havercroft, one of the looser ladies in "Paint Your Wagon," has scored a great hit with her work in Hyannis this season. Says the energetic performer: "Bill Ross [the director] has let me work out some of the routines myself and I've built up my experience and confidence a lot this summer."

AS a matter of fact, helping young people to get experience and confidence probably gives Aldrich more satisfaction than anything else in his current summer theatre work. "If I had the money," he says, "I'd like to do nothing else but develop new tal-

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ent for the theatre." By "new talent" he means not just actors and playwrights, but all the rest of the organizational staff that makes professional theatre possible.

In his three Cape Cod theatres this past summer he employed some 150 staff members and about thirty apprentices who neither paid nor were paid for the privilege of drudging about the theatres. Such a large menage would overwhelm a lot of producers, but the quiet czar of Cape Cod appears to run things without so much as mussing his collar.

"I delegate all the responsibility to the people on my staff," he explains, "which leaves me with no worries except whether or not I have picked good people."

His staff and the apprentices, picked mostly for their manners, level-headedness, and willingness to work, find the secret of Aldrich's genius as a producer fairly elusive. One of them joked, "All I know is that whenever a problem comes up Aldrich can't be located, and we have to solve it ourselves."

The producer, when he does show up at one of his playhouses, usually looks to such matters as the supply of paper towels or the placing of an ashtray in the star's dressing room. These details are most important to him because they are part of the thoroughness that is professional theatre. Seeing to them is a habit and can be taught. The part that can't be taught but only encouraged is talent's use of itself in a way that the professional can exploit.

Aldrich and his Broadway partner, Richard Myers, are currently trying out a new play by 1952 Pulitzer Prize winner Joseph Kramm, called "The Gypsies Wore High Hats." Kramm is going through agonies trying to repeat the success of his first play, "The Shrike," and probably wishes Aldrich would tell him what changes to make in the script. However, the astute producer stubbornly confines himself to making an occasional comment on a costume here or a prop there. "I want Joe to write this the way he feels it has to be," explains the producer. "It probably would do better on Broadway if he made it lighter, but if he sees a tragic theme in it that's the way I want him to write it."

What Aldrich has come to realize through his years as a producer and a naval commander in the last war is that what any business needs is people who are sure of themselves, and that only by giving his subordinates complete responsibility for their actions can that sureness emerge. Take a letter to Orson Welles and to the Secretary of the Navy.

—Henry Hewes.

SR Goes to the Movies

IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?

"The Happy Time" never had a great pretentiousness in its stage form, nor does the Stanley Kramer movie made from it (Columbia) pretend to be more than a lighthearted and nostalgic look at a French-Canadian family that found the Ottawa of a quarter century ago a pleasant dwelling place. Yet I found myself, now and then, with some noticeably cool reactions towards what was taking place on the screen. I suspect that nostalgia, as well as lightheartedness, has to be carefully controlled to be palatable, and Mr. Kramer's company has occasionally gone a little overboard in portraying these nice qualities. There are fun and liveliness in "The Happy Time," and, I fear, a certain measure of indigestible sweetening.

What message the film offers us has to do with love and sex, particularly as these matters concern the mind and development of a boy of twelve. Bibi Bonnard has reached that shadow line between puberty and adolescence. In more simple language, Bibi is becoming aware that males differ from females. "Papa" Bonnard sees this as a happy, a well-nigh beautiful occasion for indoctrinating his son on the sweet mysteries of life. During a tête-à-tête in the living room, M. Bonnard, in the person of Charles Boyer, comes out flatly in favor of the sex instinct. As a result, little Bibi can wipe away those incipient guilt feelings before they get a toe-hold on his psyche, and feel free to kiss the little girl next door who, for weeks, has been in throes of adoration for him. Bobby Driscoll, one of our best boy actors, plays Bibi, and Marlene Cameron is cute as a duck in her role of a bobby-soxer with braces on her teeth. It need hardly be added that Charles Boyer is charming to watch.

While the above goes on there are some other manifestations of the mating instinct taking place in the Bonnard household. Louis Jourdan, Bibi's young uncle, assiduously collects lady's garters during his jaunts as a traveling salesman, until he runs afoul of Mignonette, a magician's assistant who has been brought into the household to save her from the lecherous clutches of her employer. Marcel Dalio plays Grandpère Bonnard, an elderly gentleman who will allow neither his age nor his heart condition to interfere with his nightly prowling. "Mama" Bonnard (Marsha Hunt) tries to keep all this love business under control, while maintaining the traditional Bonnard broadmindedness and cheerfulness.

But underneath all the fey and carefree behavior of the Bonnards, there is a lurking sentimentality. The family becomes really rather wearying. It's all right to have a happy time, but the Bonnards are aggressively happy. Their zest for living eventually seems more forced than innate. Both the nature of the material and the manner of the direction are to blame for this circumstance. The former has always had its soggy characteristics, the latter fails to get the Bonnards into accurate perspective. Perhaps what is most in favor of "The Happy Time" is the progressive attitude it takes towards sex; there are some who might consider this a major contribution towards the forward march of the American screen.

* * *

"Fearless Fagan" is M-G-M's candidate for unpretentiousness, a commendable quality that Hollywood may continue to strive for, so far as this reviewer is concerned. The movie has been based on "a true life incident," which can mean anything at all, but in this case means that it has been taken from the newspaper stories about that inductee into the Army who took his pet lion along with him. Carleton Carpenter, a pleasant young actor, plays the young man with the large pet. It is, by all odds, one of the most exhausting roles of the year, for Mr. Carpenter must continually wrestle and gambol with the animal, called—for some reason—Fearless Fagan. Fearless, by the way, struck me as a remarkable actor, and his range of expression is considerably superior to that of, say, Rita Hayworth, who is not in this movie, but who *is* in one I shall mention a paragraph or two later.

The reason Carleton Carpenter takes Fearless along with him into Army life is that he knows the gentle animal, whom he has brought up from cubhood, will be maltreated if left to the mercies of the cruel lion tamer in the small circus that was his original home. The problem is to find Fearless a kind and decent home with some-

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one who will give him the considerate care he has been accustomed to. This person, as it turns out, is no less than Janet Leigh. In a bid for realism, she impersonates a movie actress with a warm heart and a swimming pool, and the combination of these sterling qualities finds Fearless, at the picture's end, diving happily into the swimming pool and taking a nice, refreshing swim. In a bid for further realism, the picture implies that Carleton Carpenter, who does not look like anyone a movie star would marry, will not marry Janet Leigh. Though "Fearless Fagan" does have its moments of cuteness, for the most part it stays on its course of simple humor, and Charles Lederer, who wrote the screenplay, and Stanley Donen, who did the directing, are due some compliments.

* * *

On the other hand, there are no compliments whatsoever owing to anyone who has had anything to do with "Affair in Trinidad" (Columbia), which brings Rita Hayworth back to the American screen. It is a mess of inept writing, directing, and acting from beginning to end, and I see no point in mentioning any of the preposterous details of the story.

—Hollis Alpert.

SR Recommends

You for Me: The Golden Rule takes a beating in a minor but entertaining comedy. (*SR* Aug. 30.)

The Quiet Man: John Ford goes back to the Old Sod to discover the loves and sports of Irishmen. (*SR* Aug. 23.)

The Big Sky: An engrossing and highly scenic screen adaptation of A.B. Guthrie Jr.'s novel. (*SR* Aug. 16.)

Son of Paleface: Bob Hope in a "wild man" film reminiscent of Keaton and Lloyd. (*SR* Aug. 9.)

Ivanhoe: A somewhat denatured but still splendiferous mounting of Scott's Norman-Saxon classic. (*SR* Aug. 2).

Carrie: An absorbing match with Laurence Olivier's talent combatting his lack of verisimilitude in Dreiser's part. (*SR* July 12.)

High Noon: A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (*SR* July 5.)

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a pictorially vivid apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI. (*SR* April. 19.)

Singin' in the Rain: Gene Kelly in a nostalgic spoofing of the early talkies. (*SR* Apr. 12.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

TV and Radio

THE COOKE IN OUR PARLORS

ALISTAIR COOKE, in his recent volume of radio essays, "One Man's America," reports the shock that Americans experience when they hear in Europe "intense French intellectuals sneering at the talents of Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet and wishing the serious French *cinéma* could achieve the *vitalisme* of Jimmy Cagney or 'this tenderness, cynical yet profound,' of Humphrey Bogart."

It is common enough for nationals of one country to admire qualities of another nation's character, art, literature, industry, etc. Many an American is at heart an Anglophile who thinks fate dealt him an unfair blow in not creating him an Englishman. Alistair Cooke is an Englishman who became an American citizen with an affection for the United States based on success in his work here, and a happy rapprochement with its people, our manners, values, and customs.

Mr. Cooke, I need hardly mention, is *The Manchester Guardian*'s chief American correspondent. He wrote "A Generation on Trial," a book about the Hiss case; and the Ford Foundation's TV-Radio Workshop has just announced that he will be the master of ceremonies of its forthcoming ninety-minute weekly television series, "Omnibus," which will make its debut Sunday, November 9, over the CBS television network.

In the spring of 1952, radio-TV's Peabody Award Committee honored Alistair Cooke with a citation for a series of broadcasts not even heard in the United States, "Letters from America," weekly talks over the BBC "about anything and everything in America that interested me." *The Manchester Guardian* correspondent had been making these talks since 1946. After the uncommon Peabody recognition, Alfred A. Knopf published twenty-nine of the more than 200 accumulated talks in a book which was received with great favor by the critics.

Alistair Cooke—"adult charm."

Concluding his review, the author of Seeing Things wrote: "The pity is that Mr. Cooke is not heard in this country and that we are denied programs comparable to his in their high distinction and adult charm." Perhaps spurred by this rebuke and by the general critical reception of "One Man's America," the American Broadcasting Corporation (who else?) has begun to remedy the situation. On a recent Sunday evening it inaugurated rebroadcasts via transcription of the BBC "Letters from America" talks which Mr. Cooke continues to make for transatlantic audiences. The ABC series is titled "As Others See Us," a singularly misleading title.

WHAT "interested" Alistair Cooke on his first ABC broadcast was New York's "filthy" summer weather; how men dress on the streets of the humid, perpetual oven; an English visitor who failed to understand American revue humor; and the Princetonian personality of Governor Adlai Stevenson.

In his introduction to "One Man's America," the broadcaster describes the British audience his talks are aimed at. They are "more tolerant of the essay, even in print, possibly because they have a pressing sense of form, and prefer to organize the raw material of life into something they can handle rather than get splattered in watching it erupt." "They do not regard the radio as a species of wallpaper, against which they eat, drink, read, talk, or play bridge." "The speaker . . . will be allowed to make his points gently, but he must assume there is a mind and a heart functioning at the receiving end."

This is also a reasonably accurate delineation of many American listeners who now have the opportunity to enjoy Mr. Cooke's exercises in the radio essay form as he actually speaks them. Not to diminish the British listening pleasure, the stateside audience that selects these talks can add a dimension to their enjoyment. For the "shrewd bishops and honest carpen-

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ters" that range at both ends of Mr. Cooke's BBC audience are an ocean removed from the people he speaks to them about and they must receive with a one-step receptive mind his explanations of "the passions, the manners, the flavor of another nation's way of life."

American listeners, on the other hand, are the subjects of his talks, and they, in a sense, are eavesdropping on a back-fence gossip about themselves. When Mr. Cooke tells the British, for example, that the man on the street without a jacket in New York is either a furniture mover or a "peasant [native of Los Angeles from which all outlandish customs flow]"—the American listener may either chuckle in good-natured agreement or choke in irate protest depending on the geography of his reaction. In any case, Mr. Cooke achieves his goal. He flatters the British, and now, as a bonus, he excites and teases the American ear.

Those who have not read "One Man's America" should know that Mr. Cooke assumes his BBC listeners are more interested in hearing about American "tastes in fundamental things" than in "suffering instruction in the procedures of the American Senate and the subtleties of the corn-hog ratio." Thus the broadcaster may speak of such "fundamental" things as Margaret Truman, Joe Louis, Damon Runyon, Robert E. Lee, the Hopi Indians, moving into a new neighborhood, or, again, American weather—a complex subject which looms understandably large in Mr. Cooke's consciousness considering the alleged monotony of the weather he experienced formerly on the rainy isles.

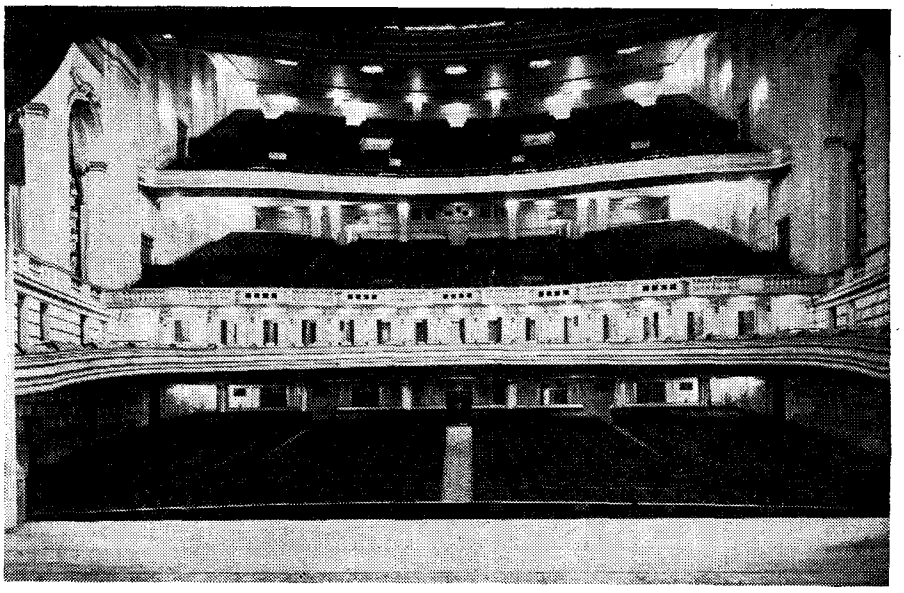
The speaker's diction is as excellent as the broadcaster's prose. Mr. Cooke is relaxed, gentle, astonishingly well-informed about American life, the unpublicized as well as the better-known aspects. He is sensitive to the shadows in our national life and very responsive to the highlights. In essence, this is what makes Alistair Cooke's comments on America interesting. Underneath his superb reporting it is difficult to decide what he really thinks of the land he has adopted as his own. He loves it, defends it brilliantly, yet the sign of ambivalence marks his emotions and judgments. In this sense, perhaps, he has become a true, a thoughtful American.

"As Others See Us" is a wonderful enrichment of the starved kilocycles. It takes its place alongside Gilbert Highet's first-rate talks on books, which is still, unfortunately, a non-network series. A pity, too, that accomplished essayists are so rare on the American air and that they must be come upon in such roundabout ways.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

Music to My Ears

BELLS ACROSS THE BAY, CONDUCTORS ON PARADE



—*R. Strohmeyer.*

San Francisco's War Memorial Opera House—"spacious and stately."

San Francisco.

COUNT as a minor perplexity of American creative art the lack of anything in tone properly representative of the magic and the majesty of this city. New York may not yet have been honored as Vaughan Williams did London, or Charpentier Paris, or Strauss Vienna, but it has had its share of ambitious failures, at least. San Francisco remains a mute chord waiting to be struck.

For that matter, it strikes the newcomer to its spell as not quite so mute. It has a music of its own, if one so familiar to the natives that, perhaps, they rate it as something else than enchanting. One leaves the depot to the deep ding-dong of the engines exulting they have come this far without fatigue; the streets resound to the slip-slap of the cables on their ceaseless round of transportation; the high pitched carillon of Grace Cathedral on Nob Hill carries nobly on the clear air; and the thin treble bells of the cable cars themselves attest the sensitivity of a traffic engineer who selected a sound that offers audibility without irritability. Poets have done their work with the hills rising from the water and the striding bridges, but the suggestions of arpeggios in their steep upward climb and downward descent, the harmony and counterpoint of land and sea are *materia musica* full of unrealized promise.

Thanks to its own form of natural air conditioning (the vast water expanses on three sides), the indoor auditoriums serve as well at this season of the year as in any others. Thus, while the spacious and stately War Memorial Opera House is accommodating a touring company of "Call Me Madam" (it's Mermanless, so huge speakers are provided to carry the piping voices to their objectives), the even more spacious if appreciably less stately Civic Auditorium is housing a semi-weekly "Pops" series under the American master of the manner, Arthur Fiedler. These are municipally sponsored, with tickets priced from thirty cents to two dollars, and San Franciscans have been responding in growing numbers. The house count was close to 6,000 the night I attended, and the prognosis is that the huge hall's capacity of 10,000 may be tested in the weeks to come. The problem of expensive soloists has been skirted by presenting, on most programs, a pair of young artists nominated by a panel of music critics. This intelligent device serves a worthwhile promotional purpose for local talent, stimulates native pride, and leaves no aching void in the treasury at the evening's end. For those who prefer their music in the sunshine, San Franciscans may enjoy a Sunday afternoon series in Stern Grove. Gaetano Merola, doyen of the San Francisco Opera, conducts these, for which the city provides the facilities, and the musicians' union underwrites the budget out of its national fund from recording royalties. In both

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instances the players are the San Francisco Symphony personnel (or as many as desire this off-season employment).

The good judgment expressed in these community-conceived ventures promises to communicate itself also to the forthcoming tournament from which a successor to Pierre Monteux will emerge as music director of the Symphony. After seventeen productive years on the Coast, Monteux has left a responsive instrument and a sound tradition. The management is not disposed to intrust either to a temporal phenomenon. The assignment may go to one of this year's aspirants or it may not. There is no sense of urgency toward a quick resolution of the issue, nor is there bias for temporizing.

Of those who have been summoned from as far away as Johannesburg in South Africa (Enrique Jorda) or Stuttgart in Germany (Karl Münchinger), the inclination is to eliminate such committed personalities as George Szell (Cleveland) or Alfred Wallenstein (Los Angeles). The elder statesmen, such as Bruno Walter, Leopold Stokowski, and even Victor de Sabata, are hardly for the long pull. This leaves, in addition to Jorda and Münchinger, Erich Leinsdorf (Rochester) and Massimo Freccia (Baltimore). If none seems the predestined answer to San Francisco's problem, the slate will doubtless be rubbed clean and a new panel selected for next year.

One factor in the situation is labeled a canard by those who know it best. That is the widespread opinion in musical circles that San Francisco is a town with a "tough" union policy, that replacements in the orchestra are hard to promote from non-local sources. Rather, there is a six-months' waiting period, after which any player who is otherwise union affiliated may appear for an audition. "We have gotten many of our good players that way," says Howard Skinner, the orchestra manager. "We don't bring them in, but they do show up when auditions are announced." It's not impossible that the word goes out along a grapevine when a good second trumpet or a young oboist is wanted, the Westward migration even subsidized, perhaps, by an interested "alumnus." If appropriate for a fleet-footed half-back, why not for a sweet-sounding flute? Skinner doesn't deny that San Francisco could do more to promote its own sources of supply by fostering such a training orchestra as the Chicago Civic Symphony. That's high on the agenda when, as, and, if a likely candidate appears in the jousts this fall and serious planning for the future is instituted.

—Irving Kolodin.

POETRY

(*Continued from page* 21)

competence is subtle and his final achievement rewarding. His is a genuine, if limited, talent.

—I. L. Salomon.

A LAND AND A PEOPLE. By Shirley Barker. Crown Publishers. $2.75. Blessed is the poet with roots in a tradition, and Shirley Barker is at her best in ballads and narratives of her New England people. She has a natural storyteller's gift with an aptness for colorful dialogue and a skilful sense of material organization. In some of these poetic encounters there are the twice-told tales with a new twist, especially in the effective character study "John Alden Speaks for Himself," in which John sets himself straight with posterity, concluding with:

You know the end—the end that is never over—
Three hundred springs have dwindled away in fall,
But still men sneer at me for a laggard lover
Who was never a lover at all.

Miss Barker has an unobtrusive technique of simple rhymes and meters, but they are the rugged hackneys of her primary poetic impulse—to tell a story or present a personality. The vigor of the lines overcomes the weakness of some easy rhyming and casual rhetoric. In her loyalty to New England, Miss Barker sums up a pride of heritage, perhaps a justifiable conceit, too, in ancestry:

They built before us: here and there an ell,
And now and then a gable—never whole

Byron H. Reece—"candidly derivative."

Or to a grand design. If it were well,
They did not ask; if it were beautiful,
Not half as much as did it serve the need.
One marble moment of the Parthenon,
Ten thousand years of wattle laced with weed
We cannot call them back who have not gone.

—A. M. Sullivan.

A SONG OF JOY AND OTHER POEMS. By Byron Herbert Reece. Dutton. $2.75. This is the third volume of lyrics, ballads, and sonnets by Byron Herbert Reece, a young poet whose talent is of a high order. As in his two previous books of poetry, "Bow Down in Jericho" and "The Ballad of the Bones," his work reflects his indebtedness to a rich heritage of folk poetry—the sonorous cadences of the Psalmists and early English balladry. These are not his only influences—a cloud of witnesses encompasses him: the metaphysical and religious poets, together with Christina Georgina Rossetti, W. H. Davies, Millay, Frost, and, of course, Blake.

Poetry which is so candidly derivative runs a great risk of imperilling its own standing as creative art; however admirably it is accomplished, a poem "in the manner of" is not a living and breathing poetic entity. Now if a poet chooses to remain in a certain school of expression it is one thing, but if he allows himself to speak in the very accents, idiom, and manner of specific and individual influences it is another matter and his stature as a poet is lessened thereby.

In the first instance Mr. Reece's voice remains his own. He is so steeped in the great tradition of Biblical and Elizabethan literary form that its qualities and characteristics seem as natural to him as breathing. The lovely religious songs with their quaint archaisms, their innocency and simplicity, are as authentic as if they had been written by some singer of that old day, as are the rousing ballads with their engaging folk rhythms, their vigor and dramatic intensity. And in the retelling in verse of Biblical tales he employs all the rich color and splendid sonorities of a poetic language which is really timeless and ageless, and under no copyright.

It is by the specific influences which dominate so much of his work that Mr. Reece's poetic identity is threatened. He cannot have been unaware of how closely the manner and indeed many of the stanzas of the title poem parallel lines in Edna Millay's "Moriturus," nor of the accents, if not the philosophy, of Frost and Housman, speaking above his own in some of the briefer lyrics. Most young poets,

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it is true, reflect what they admire, but the strong talents shake off their influences. Mr. Reece's poetic gifts are so considerable, his ear so flawless, and his craftsmanship so impeccable that it is to be hoped he will not be content to be so often the arranger of themes, the virtuoso rather than the creative artist.

—Sara Henderson Hay.

RING SONG. By Naomi Replansky. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. A first book is always a serious adventure to the reader as well as the poet. Let it be said that Naomi Replansky has a lively, enterprising eye in observing modern life and its confusions. She has an original and daring diction with the gift for making words dance at the crack of her whip. Her poetic range varies from a surprising maturity of judgment on the world and its folly to occasional evidence of juvenile smugness toward tradition.

In an impressive poem, "The Six Million," she paraphrases the ancient miracle of Meshach, Shadrach, and Abnednego to tell the story of the fiery furnaces of Hitler from which none survived. It is a bitter, hard, questioning and cynical poem.

No gods were there, nor demons.
They died at the hands of men,
The cold that came from men,
The lions made like men,
The furnace built by men.

—*Bernard Cole.*

Naomi Replansky—"bitter, cynical."

Miss Replansky is modern, a bit skeptical, but there is plenty of excitement in what she sees and how she reports it. In "A Visit to the Zoo," she reverses the situation and puts the poet behind bars. She warns that the poet will bite if aroused. People are shamed on seeing the poet

and withdraw warily
because hunger has such a big mouth,
opening everywhere, even in crowds.

There is vitality here, freshness in words and ideas, an uncertain *vers-libre* technique, and a trifle too much cynicism which we hope she will outgrow before its canker eats into her high talents. —A. M. Sullivan.

NEW AND SELECTED POEMS. By Thomas Hornby Ferril. Harper. $3.

Who are the cousins the mind makes?
How does a sand lily in a vacant lot
Give you the rose-glow towers, the miniver princes?
How can a cottonwood in the dusty rain
Give you the tap of a sandal in Argolis?

Into this rhetorical question is packed much of Thomas Hornby Ferril's poetic credo—a sense of the kinship of history with the present, a conviction of the inseparableness of all that has been with all that is. "Two themes, time and continuity, have given Ferril's poetry its color, direction, and individuality," writes H. L. Davis in his foreword to Mr. Ferril's volume, the garnering of the most important of his poetic output.

Because Mr. Ferril writes so graphically and with such deep affection about the Rocky Mountain country he knows so well, he might have been labeled a regional poet, except that above the regionalism and the celebration of a particular geographical locality is that wider quality of universality, "the long dimension" of man's spirit. In the poems which recall vividly the early Western American scene and describe the changes which have since come (also those in the section entitled "American Testament," a transcontinental view) the larger symbology is still that of the enduring human spirit against whatever changing background.

Oh I will not forget the measured sagas
Of older wayfaring across the world.
We'll keep them, too. We add to what they are . . .

These poems were written to be read aloud, the foreword tells us, and undoubtedly the vigor and the color and the sweep of their language and imagery would contribute to the effectiveness of such a medium. But these qualities are not lost to the silent reader, and some of the briefer and more subjective lyrics, with their concision and restraint, are better taken in quiet, I think. I found Mr. Ferril's poems not only stimulating at first reading, but good to return to, surely a valid test of a poet's real worth.

—Sara Henderson Hay.

Letter from Korea

By Edna L. S. Barker

BROTHER, I send this by a friendly soldier
To tell you the parcel of seeds came, in this time of the Tiger,
In this year of Desolation. It is good for us that our father
Taught us to hoe and harvest when we were children,
To value the yellow blossom of the melon more than idle incense lilies.
You who are rich with land in your Western country
May walk in your garden at sunset and are never hungry.
I am glad this is so. Gather your sons together, read my letter,
Tell them their uncle, who was the hat merchant of Seoul,
Received the packet of seeds, dry herbs, leaves of medicinal plants
From your garden. Tell them he traveled a day's journey on foot
To a portion of land now unmolested by gunfire.
There he scratched the poor earth with a stick . . . the enemy having taken
All tools, all bits of useful metal . . . so he planted the seeds.
He took the wooden pails on the yoke of our ancestors
To carry rain water from shell-holes and ditches . . . the wells
And the rivers being polluted. Though long a prisoner of war,
Beaten, tormented, his hands knotted, his back twisted,
Tears of joy made him a strong man. He was there at work in the hills
When the hawk-winged raiders came over his city far off.
When he returned smoke and ashes marked his home place . . .
Only the moon-gate standing. But the seeds are safe in the ground.
It is a good thing our father taught us the love of gardens.
Brother, I thank you from the deep well of my heart
For the seeds now planted in my stricken country.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 13)

only reveal yet another, the battlements will fade away like steps in a dream, and the solitary figure will be left to die alone, and perhaps to die a coward. Whatever the truth, one enters and leaves the desert alone.

It is in such a mood that Dino Buzzati has written the story of the solitude of Lieutenant Drogo, his restless yearning for heroism, and his cryptic death. It is a "fabulous" tale, out of time and place, in a familiarly surrealistic world where symbols and things symbolized partake of the same fluidity, and in which insights are apprehended by mood and not ideas. It is another experience of that magical realism evoked by "The Trial" and "The Marble Cliffs," with a similar moral substructure, the desperate need to affirm oneself as an autonomous entity against the forces of solitude and persecution.

To refer to the surrealistic mood of this work, however, is not to say that it is fragmentary in the sense that some of the best wild things of Cocteau are, or that it is episodic. It has a well-defined contour, and the narrative is altogether free of meaningless distracting complications. It would be wrong, of course, to demand that the novel justify or explain itself as philosophical allegory or dark prophecy. It stands or falls according to the plausibility and conviction it gives to its prevailing mood, and to this reviewer it is a very successful novel indeed. For if Buzzati gives signs of having read Kafka and Junger very well, this novel is clearly no sedulous aping of their technique. There is here a feeling for language and image that can only come from developed poetical powers.

Fiction Notes

GRENADINE'S SPAWN. By Robert C. Ruark. Doubleday. $3. Some years back Robert Ruark, who burns a daily hole in the Scripps-Howard newspapers, introduced us to a doxie named Grenadine Etching. Grenadine was a one-woman fiction All-American, containing within herself all the heroines who had ever exhibited their heaving embonpoint on the jackets of the historical novels. Mr. Ruark is back with a new book about Grenadine and her brood.

Meet Grenadine's spawn:

Jeter Etching: As a young man he discovers girls. This naturally leads him to Hollywood, where the girls wear short pants and bring malteds to your car on a tray. Jeter alternates between making films and film stars, eventually goes to Washington to create propaganda movies.

Peter Etching: His hobby is killing people. In the Army he makes it a business, developing a special fondness for napalm, which even burns crisp to a crisp. At war's end, he discovers there is no handy niche in civilian life for jellied gasoline experts, and goes back to khaki. Last seen entering the Pentagon.

Abercrombie Etching: Esthetic fellow—poetry, Greenwich Village, chafing-dish type. Winds up in the State Department. This character was apparently deeded to Ruark by Lait and Mortimer, and wins Ruark the Olympic Gold Medal for bad taste.

Opal Entwhistle: A daughter of Grenadine's lost in a train wreck and raised in corn-bread and chitlin' country. Becomes a gangster's girl on the Virginia Hill-side.

Uranium Etching: Atomic scientist. Blows up the world.

End of book.

In the course of sketching these five unattractive Etchings, Ruark is occasionally funny about the way Hollywood people talk, about advertising agency jargon, about a Washington cocktail party. He is unfunny about sex, newspaper staffs, the State Department, Southern novelists, and some other stuff previously reserved to war novels and the Latin footnotes of Krafft-Ebing.

Ruark has a quick ear for the speech of the glossy worlds—movies, advertising, the night-clubs, Washington. He has a mad inventiveness which is engaging. But he savages all of Washington without contributing much that is new or bright, and he will not go far as a humorist until he can get pried away from the notion that shooting and de-flowering are the cream of wit. Thanks to his small-boy prurience, he has become the first man who can write on a fence with a typewriter. —LEE ROGOW.

THE PRIVATEER. By Gordon Daviot. Macmillan. $3.50. Gordon Daviot, an historical dramatist under her own name and a writer of distinguished detective stories under the name of Josephine Tey, died early this year. This last of her works is an action-packed adventure story in which she combines her interest in historical material with the sharp novelistic skill she demonstrated with her detective stories. Her subject is the notorious Sir Henry Morgan, whose name is almost as synonymous with piracy as is that of Captain Kidd. Her

—From the jacket of "The Privateer."

Morgan is, however, not the one of popular report. She keeps the swashbuckling bravado and the incredible accomplishments—the invasion of Cuba, the capture of Porto Bello, the sack of Panama—but she cleans him up personally and comes forth with a re-creation that is believable and much more attractive than the conventional picture. The nice distinction between patriotic privateer and pirate is maintained throughout. Morgan, in this book, was always unconventional and audacious but never was he cruel nor did he overstep the legal bounds into open piracy. This is a nice point but less important, I suspect, than Miss Daviot makes it. She doesn't, however, let it interfere with the telling of a fast yarn that has plenty of color and action and is told with the effortless skill for which she was noted. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

VENUS UNMASKED. By Evelyn Herbert. Dodd, Mead. $3. The jacket to this says that Miss Herbert's work has been known in England for some time. If so and if this is a sample, American publishers have been singularly remiss in delaying introducing to America a writer with the rare gift of producing light romantic comedies. Plotwise "Venus Unmasked" hasn't much. Three sisters, Polly, Elena, and Marjorie, are having trouble getting their affections straightened out. Polly doesn't know she is in love with good old dependable Jason; Marjorie thinks she wants to leave her unexciting husband; Elena seems to be in love with that unexciting husband. Eventually they all get straightened out in predictable fashion, though Elena's inconclusive fate may be mildly surprising. The plot, however, is the least of Miss Herbert's charms. Most of it lies in her ability to create pleasantly entertaining characters. Her greatest achievement here is to take that stock figure, the eccentric, querulous, and

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meddlesome old dowager, and make her into a figure of genuine charm. She isn't real; she's strictly fictional; but she is delightful. So with the other characters. Add to this a gift for writing dialogue which actually sounds as witty as the author intended it to be, and you get some very readable stuff. I think you'll like it.

THE NATURAL. By Bernard Malamud. Harcourt, Brace. $3. Bernard Malamud has taken some potentially exciting material and gone all mystical and cosmic on it with somewhat unhappy results. The material is baseball, big-league baseball, its lore, legends, players, fans, and fixers. Center of the story is Roy Hobbs, a thirty-five-year-old wonder who suddenly flashes across the baseball world to bring the New York Knights almost to the top. The tale of his brilliant one-season, flash-in-the-pan career is told almost as if it were a folk ballad. All the characters are slightly larger than life, but the distortion instead of investing them with a mythological character—evidently the author's intention—merely creates an air of unreality. There are some genuinely funny touches—notably in the macabre burlesque of maniacal fans—but the effort never really gets off the ground. I suspect that Mr. Malamud's ambition was to combine the bitter realism with which Ring Lardner once demolished professional baseball with the equally bitter folklore quality with which Nathanael West destroyed Hollywood. Despite some sharp observation, nice sardonic touches, and an ability to write individually biting scenes he doesn't quite bring it off.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

The Old Mandarin

By Christopher Morley

FLYING SAUCERS

THOSE Lubbock Lights, green fireballs,
flying saucers
That pass at supersonic speeds and vanish,
Leave nót a rack behind; only a dim
Geiger-count of burning mathematics,
A shimmer evanescent on the night . . .

I can tell you, says the Old Mandarin,
What are those interplanetary memos:
They are my little poems, cinder fragments
That cruised the sky a moment, and left only
A nose besulphured and a breath of burning;
Like John Aubrey's ghost, in 1670,
"A curious perfume and melodious twang."

They disappeared, says Old Felicity,
Into the paradise called Out-of-Print.

MORE THOUGHTS ABOUT DADDY WORDSWORTH

I LIKE anthologies that note
The dates of poems that they quote.
When by noble verse I'm smitten,
I like to know when it was written.

I brew my secret wild perhapses
When half a century elapses
Between the writing and the print:
Could even Wordsworth take a hint?

Alas, in my own leaves-of-grassing
I know too well how time is passing.
What anguish took him by the throat? It
Helps to know what age he wrote it.

FAITH IMPAIR FREEDOM?

(*Continued from page 8*)

their responsibility to truth or to mankind. The Town Hall appears to assume that it is better to defend the right to an opinion than to seek opinions that coincide with fact. Furious controversies can be aroused within a university over issues of academic freedom, but failures to extend knowledge and to teach truth are sometimes tolerated as being part of the price of freedom. Indeed, emphasis on freedom by its very nature encourages skepticism about truth; it encourages tentativeness rather than commitment or conviction, so that truth becomes a working hypothesis and freedom becomes very truth.

Freedom is an indispensable prerequisite to the advancement of knowledge. It has not been demonstrated, however, that it will automatically lead to truth, or even preserve it. Probably liberty has been used to ignore or to distort truth as often as to discover or to defend it.

In individual life personal freedom may lead to a higher integration of life than exterior conditioning or constraint could possibly achieve. Or it may lead to personal disintegration, to failure to be "true" even to oneself. In our American colleges the great freedom allowed in the curriculum has not always produced devotion to learning; it has sometimes been used to the glory of snap courses and has produced experts in passing examinations.

In politics overemphasis on liberty has led to excessive nationalism, under the principle of the self-determination of peoples. Nationalism is true to some of the facts of a broken world, but it is not true to the facts of mutual dependence on each other. In economics emphasis on extreme freedom—laissez faire—has often proved disastrous to an economy. The truth about an economic system includes the central purpose that it should serve all the people equitably, and preoccupation with economic freedom has obscured this aim.

In religion freedom has been guarded so jealously that the religious community is split into innumerable contentious sects, causing men to scoff at any pretense to religious truth in the face of a divided witness. It is desirable that there should be more than one human interpreter of the ultimate mystery, in view of the magnitude of the mystery and of the fallibility of the human interpreters. But it seems hardly nec-

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essary that American Protestantism alone should have more than three hundred separate pipelines to the mind and will of God.

In nearly every realm of modern democratic life liberty has tended to run riot and the restraining bonds of order and of truth often have been ignored or broken. Freedom of speech twisted into freedom to tell lies publicly, as in much contemporary advertising and political campaigning. Freedom of the press, while taken seriously as a responsibility by a few publications, appears more often to be used as an excuse for slanting the news and for suppression of the facts. Freedom of assembly is a sheltering arm for serious and loyal citizens; it also serves as a refuge for cliques and claques that are cynical about responsibility and seek only to exert power. Congressional immunity, which amounts to freedom from reprisal, protects the genuine servant of the people; it also shields misrepresentation and distortion of the worst sort, and it appears to be used these days primarily for the latter purpose.

All these freedoms are precious in themselves. They become pernicious only when divorced from responsibility to the service of one's fellows in the light of truth.

IN revolt against the excessive individualism and relativism to which unbridled emphasis on liberty has led, large sections of the world have swung back to an overemphasis on order, sacrificing freedom before the altar of conformity. This reaction is a central feature of Fascism and Communism. As Engels put it, freedom is the appreciation of necessity. As Hitler saw it, freedom is identification of oneself with the folk-destiny represented by Der Fuehrer.

The United States, recognizing that she is not only the strongest but also one of the last outposts of liberty, has become obsessed recently with the quest for the roots of freedom and with the struggle for its extension and its defense against Russia. But this struggle is defined in rather peculiar ways. To judge from advertisements, freedom is assured if one is able to afford a washing machine or to buy a Buick or to invest money in lucrative securities. According to recent issue of a popular magazine freedom may be preserved by building a space station more than one thousand miles up in the air. From that eminent perch American observers would be able to spy out scientific developments and military concentrations at any point on the earth's surface, and guided missiles with atomic warheads could guarantee peace and the preservation of liberty.

Other equally external and mechanical methods for preservation of freedom are proposed. The current decalogue for the preservation of liberty contains such commandments as these:

Thou shalt manufacture hydrogen bombs, and they will keep you free.

Thou shalt suppress the Communist in thy midst, and that will keep you free.

Thou shalt return in thy colleges to a core curriculum, that thy youth may be instructed in their heritage of freedom rather than merely in ceramics or accounting.

Thou shalt require loyalty oaths, to insure that public employees and university professors are either patriots or liars.

Thou shalt have no other gods before free enterprise, and only the National Association of Manufacturers shall be permitted to take its name in vain.

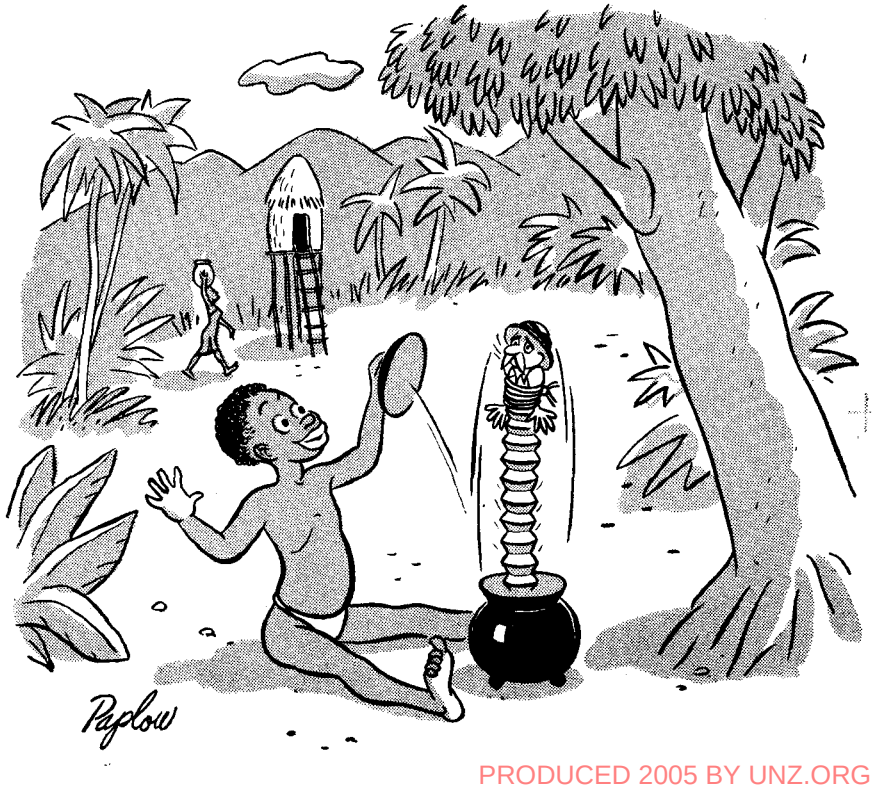
Several of these commandments have merit, but obedience to any or all of them will not suffice to preserve freedom in the world. Communism cannot be stopped merely by mechanical or political gadgets. Communism employs power tactics but it rests basically on loyalty to a set of ideas—and it can be stopped only by loyalty to truer and nobler ideas—truer because they are more in harmony with man's situation in the universe, nobler because they seek to elevate the human spirit rather than to regiment it.

We must learn again that freedom depends not merely on the absence of external restraints or on the availability of mechanical and social props. Freedom is never simply a negative thing, the absence of restraint. The absence of restraint is only a precondition of freedom. Enduring freedom must rely more deeply on positive loyalty to objects that are worthy of the loyalty of free men.

A freedom that consists only of the right to choose as one pleases soon creates its own bondage, because today's choices weld chains around tomorrow's decisions. Freedom of choice always results in bondage to something, or else in sheer anarchy. Every act of freedom must be exercised within some framework of loyalty lest it become at last meaningless and self-defeating. Freedom carries no compass of its own; the direction of the free spirit is necessarily determined by the object or objects of its loyalty.

David Lilienthal has written that freedom in America rests on more intangible but more enduring foundations than a particular form of economic enterprise or of political procedure. It rests on moral and spiritual foundations. Could he have meant what Jesus meant when he said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free"?

The "truth" of which Jesus was speaking was not a neatly formulated code of theological or social principles, to be appropriated by some men or nations and used as a touchstone of orthodoxy and a bludgeon of inquisition, censorship, and tyranny. Rather, this liberating "truth" is an ultimate and eternal order of reality—revealed, for Christians, in Jesus Christ himself. It is an order within which free-



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dom does not defeat itself, because the possibilities of achievement are never exhausted. It is an order of truth that seeks to include all men rather than to exclude doubters. It puts freedom in a cosmic setting.

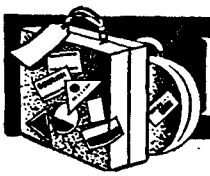
Religious faith is generally a two-edged sword. On the one hand, it may frighten its possessor into intellectual and social submissiveness and be easily perverted into an instrument of social control by political or ecclesiastical autocrats. But the other edge of the sword may be turned at any moment against those who seek to oppress or to regiment the human mind and spirit, since the true religious believer looks for final authority to God alone. If Paul could say, "Be subject to the powers that be, for they are ordained of God," so also could Peter say, "We must obey God, not man." Religious faith, like most human ventures, tends to ossify into established institutions. But it is always fraught with possibilities for revolutionary transformation of the individual and of society.

Further, whatever its practice may have been on occasion, the Judeo-Christian faith in its basic assertions is an ever-fertile source of human freedom. It insists that every individual is a creation of the most high God, and that he was given freedom in the act of his creation—freedom even to ignore or to repudiate his creator if he chooses. This Creator God continues to be concerned for every person; no sparrow falls without his notice, and no injustice or indignity is visited on one of his human creatures without inviting the divine judgment. For this God is absolute sovereign over all men and nations, and no human being can arrogate to himself the right to absolute sovereignty or to final judgment on his fellowman. In all these respects, faith roots human freedom in the very nature of the universe. This is a more fertile seedbed for the protection and proliferation of freedom than any arguments based on the necessities of human personality or the preconditions of knowledge or the preservation of democracy.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 962)

HOMER W. SMITH:
MAN AND HIS GODS

Darwin's century was a tragic one
for that proud creature who had
thought himself specially beloved by
the gods. . . . . The only truths
man could trust were those of cor-
respondence discoverable by the
mind . . . constantly subject to re-
vision.



BOOKED for TRAVEL

L'INDIAN SUMMER D'UN TRAVEL EDITOR

WE HAVE been knitting and purling our brow for some days over some nasty things scrawled on our wall by somebody over at *Holiday*. That publication recently rented some space in this magazine and in *The New Yorker* to declaim rather acidly on the subject "Who Writes Travel Best." "There is a type of literature called 'travel writing'," said *Holiday* wrinkling its nose, "done by that rather dashing fellow, the 'travel writer.' It is pleasing when well done, sometimes useful to have along on a trip. But we don't go for it. . . ."

Twirling our dashing mustache, pulling on the visor of our Harris tweed cap, and slapping ourselves across our calf with a riding crop, we read that *Holiday* didn't believe travel writing should be an isolated segment of belles-lettres. "Good writing comes first in our ledger," the ad said, "and we long ago vowed not to let the tag 'travel writing' become an excuse for careless reporting and addiction to the superlative and the cliché."

Well, sir, as the sun set on our pleasant disposition, we read that "good novelists have the gift and the experience to describe places and set scenes beautifully, penetrating into the souls of areas and people." There followed a list of these artists of the pneumatic drill—Hemingway, Bemelmans, Schulberg, Michener, Thurber, and some novelists who have never written novels.

Before inviting *Holiday* to go sit on a poisoned dart, a memoir of a dashing adventure with some Indians of the Orinoco, we should like to take issue on two points: 1) taste and 2) premise. We grow florid about the guilt-by-association technique. We think *Holiday* could have crowed about its scene setters without polluting all travel writing as "careless reporting," pocked with superlatives and clichés. We feel, moreover, that the development of a specialty writer in no way lessens his aptitude or ability, or clogs the avenues of fresh approach. Continue this strange premise and *Holiday* can shortly be expected to send Picasso and Matisse out to take the photographs, and the Mafia to collect the ads.

* * *

Issue-taking being our mood for the day, we should also like to have a word with Miss Carol Lane, the travel authority of the Shell Oil Company, who has just sent us a column that begins:

> When there's a baby in the family, the simplest answer to summer fun is—picnics. . . . And picnics give the busy mother a chance to relax from housework while eliminating the chore of packing and carting all the equipment essential to baby's comfort during a long trip.

Now it just so happens there *is* a baby in the family, and if there is one thing that's no picnic it's taking a baby on one. Eliminate the chore of packing and carting, you say? Why, madam, when we move Old Gurgleface out to a greensward our caravan resembles nothing if it is not a replica of the Chinese Ninth Route Army on the march. Equipment, you say? Have you not counted the insulated bag that holds the bottles; the bag that holds the diapers, clean; the bag that holds the diapers, used; the bassinet with the folding legs; the extra blanket in case it's cool; the visored cap in case it's sunny; the carriage cover (in case we run into Aunt Gladys, who gave it to us); the pacifier in case he cries; the rattle should he be bored; the jar of pureed peaches; the box of minute cereal; not to mention the wad of cotton, the bottle of oil, the can of powder. And let's not get into an inventory of items necessary for an overnight stay. "Send for my booklet 'Touring Can be Child's Play'," coos Miss Lane. When it becomes Mrs. Lane, Miss Lane, let's hear from you again.

* * *

In town last week was thirty-one-year-old Leonard Lickorish, the British Travel Association's research officer, a man who is short, soft-spoken, wears a fuzzy hat crunched down on his ears, smokes a big pipe, and keeps his tobacco in a silver snuff box. We tore mutton chops together at Keen's Chop House, which is also addicted to pipes, whilst Mr. Lickorish told us that his office had just completed a survey of several thousand Americans who had visited in Britain. What he discovered was that Americans who are traveling are both young and old, both rich and poor (a substantial number are in a low-income group),

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that all see London, over half tour widely through the country, and that they are most interested in meeting the people. "They expanded some little on that," Mr. Lickorish said.

There were a few complaints, not nearly so many on food as one might be ready to expect. "We had some few complaints from people who saw all these lovely vegetables and things being prepared and that the fellow mucked it up," was the way Mr. Lickorish put it. The surveyed American showed a marked interest in literature, music, and art, but he said that that was characteristic of the person likely to go to Europe rather than the traveler who singles out England.

There isn't much need for competition among countries seeking to entice the traveler, Mr. Lickorish feels. You've just got to get him bitten by the bug and then he'll go anywhere. "The distance involved in traveling to Europe is not all that different than traveling across this enormous country. You get a man willing to go long distances and he loses his fear and begins to get the urge, excitement, and interest. You've got him on the road and the road leads to more than one place.

"The American hotel resorts committee had a meeting, did they not, in Quebec recently, and they said the Federal Government had done too much to encourage foreign travel. Well, it is a lot odd that they went to Quebec to say that in the first place, but in the second place, if you get a man on the move it is likely he will visit your resort even if it's 3,000 miles away."

A few scattered remarks about the anti-Americanism of some Britons showed up in the survey, but Mr. Lickorish felt that this was overwhelmingly offset by the Americans' pleasure in getting to know the British people. "Very often people say that travel is a powerful force in promoting world friendship and understanding," Lickorish said. "Perhaps sometimes you have the suspicion that it is said with tongue in cheek. You know the comic saying, travel broadens, but it broadens nothing but the bottom. Well, I think this survey has shown otherwise."

Among Mr. Lickorish's personal statistics are a wife and a three-and-a-half-year-old son who was vastly pleased after his father's last trip to America to find himself the recipient of a pair of blue jeans. "Extremely successful," says Mr. Lickorish recalling the purchase. "He looked very smart in them. Thought they were part of an American fireman's uniform."

* * *

We have spoken before of the vast underbrush of mail that grows with tropical fervor on our desk whenever we skip town for a few days. Anyway, we've been weeding away with some diligence and we've turned up some deathless messages we feel we should share with you. Take these words up from Dallas: "Pioneer Airlines has been awarded the Merit Award for its 1951 annual report to stockholders by *Financial World Magazine*, Eugene W. Bailey, secretary-treasurer of the airline announced." Or this from the West Virginia Industrial and Publicity Commission: "Bluefield, West Virginia —If you were to dream that you drove your car through a coal mine, you'd probably run to the nearest psychiatrist for an explanation . . . "

The farthest communique has come to us from Southern Rhodesia, which announces that one may visit the Wankie Game Reserve by luxury motor coach until November 25 for ten pounds. There follows the rather candid notation, "The animals in the Reserve are not tame, the country is still rugged and uninhabited, and visitors enter the area at their own risk. Every precaution must be taken not to excite dangerous game such as Buffalo, Rhino, Lion—or Elephant, of which there are about 2,000 in number." The folder is decorated with a photograph of an animal's skull with two crossed bones nailed to a tree. Beneath this coat of arms is the legend, "Stay in Your Car."

It doesn't say a word about it in the folder, but our advice is: Don't bring the kids.

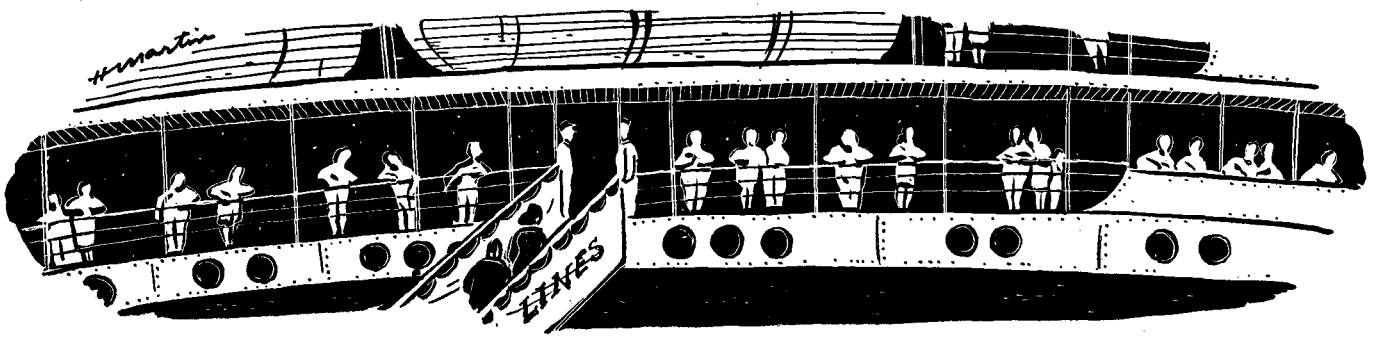
—Horace Sutton.

TRAVELER'S TALE

A BED FOR THE NIGHT. By Rufus Jarman. Harper. $3.50. A phrenologist once told Ellsworth Milton Statler that he was not at all brilliant, would pass through life without being especially noted for anything. Statler crossed up the bump reader by organizing one of the most successful hotel chains ever built in this country. His idea was to provide all the essential comforts of more luxurious establishments. When the first Statler went up with a bath for every room it was more than the elegant Waldorf-Astoria on the present site of the Empire State Building could boast. Statler also provided running ice water in every room, and advertised a room with a bath for $1.50.

Mr. Jarman provides a thin latticework of Statler history—describing how hotels of that name got to be built in Buffalo, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Washington, Los Angeles, and (formerly the Pennsylvania) New York. But mostly this gets to be a collection of wonderful anecdotes that grew in cities where Statlers do business. There is no better hatching place for anecdotes than a hotel, and Mr. Jarman has uncovered some excellent sources. There are tales about Statler sawing a door out of a wall to provide a suite for Tetrazzini, tales about guests who skip on their bill, tales about conventioneers who rigged surveyor's transits in order to drop water bombs on passersby accurately and without detection, tales about how the Washington hotel managed to get built in the middle of the war.

Statler was a master of blueprints and a master at hotel efficiency. Moreover, he reduced the normal actions of a hotel guest to a formula: a hook the same height as the basin will invite the reuse of a towel, cut towel washing in half; a larger bathtub drain allows the water to run out faster, leaving less of a ring, reducing the work of a maid. All this may make you a self-conscious guest next time you are in a hotel, but it is all a fascinating story. —H. S.



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SR's World Calendar

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Cultural, folklore, musical, scientific, trade, dramatic, and sporting events of unusual interest are shown for the countries listed during October, November, and December. Asterisks indicate the ten top events in this month's calendar.*

Brazil

PILGRIMAGE *(Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26, Rio de Janeiro):* Annual tribute to Our Lady of the Rock at Penha (Rock), a suburb of Rio. Carnival usually follows.
INDEPENDENCE DAY *(Nov. 15, nationwide):* Anniversary of bloodless revolution in 1889, marked by parades, speeches.

Britain

TOSCANINI *(Oct. 1, London):* Last of three concerts in which Arturo Toscanini conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra in Royal Festival Hall.
FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE *(Oct. 6-10, Cheltenham):* Authors' lecture; plays and poetry read; books exhibited. All in Town Hall.
*NATIONAL GAELIC MOD *(Oct. 7-10, Rothesay, Scotland):* Choirs, soloists from all parts of Scotland take part. More than 1,500 entrants.
RACING: *(Newmarket, Oct. 14-17. Cesarewitch Stakes on 15th; Houghton Meeting, Newmarket, Oct. 28-31. Cambridgeshire Stakes on 29th; Manchester, Nov. 13-15. November Handicap on 15th).*
*INTERNATIONAL DANCE FESTIVAL *(Oct. 20-25, London):* Folk dancers from all over participate in Royal Albert Hall.
CONCERTS: *(Royal Albert Hall, London, Oct. 25; Nov. 4; Dec. 6. Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, London, Oct. 26; Nov. 2, 6, 9, 23, 24, 28; Dec. 2, 5, 7, 9, 11, 18).*
LORD MAYOR'S SHOW *(Nov. 10, London):* Traditional colorful parade through Old London to mark the Lord Mayor's inauguration.
BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS *(Dec. 19-Jan. 31, London):* Annual show at Olympia.
CHELSEA ARTS BALL *(Dec. 31, London):* At Royal Albert Hall.

Canada

FALL FAIR *(Oct. 3, 4, Vancouver, B.C.):* Sponsored by the Vancouver Horticultural Society.
PLOWING MATCH *(Oct. 7, 8, Bridgetown, N.S.):* Provincial contest.
*FAIR *(Oct. 15-19, Montreal):* Canadian Food Exposition.
FAIR *(Oct. 28-Nov. 1, Ottawa):* Ottawa Winter Fair.
DOG SHOW *(Nov. 7, 8, Victoria, B.C.):* Vancouver Island Dog Fanciers' show.
FAIR *(Nov. 14-22, Toronto):* Royal Winter Fair.
FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP *(Nov. 29, Toronto):* Grey Cup Match, Canadian final, at Varsity Stadium.
CHEESE EXHIBITION *(Dec. 2, 3, Belleville, Ont.):* British Empire annual display.

France

*FOUNTAIN DISPLAY *(Oct. 5, Versailles):* Final show of the season in famous gardens.
GASTRONOMICAL FAIR *(Oct. 31-Nov. 16, Dijon):* France's famous foods on display. Sample tent sometimes a feature.
RACING: *(Auteuil race course, Paris: Grand prix d'automne, Nov. 2; Prix Montgomery steeplechase, Nov. 9; Prix Richard Hennessy, Nov. 16; Prix La Haye-Jousselin, Nov. 23; Grand Prix for 3-yr.-olds, Nov. 30).*
DRAMA, DANCING *(Nov. 12-29, Charbonnieres):* Annual festival.
WINE FESTIVAL *(Nov. 17-19, Nuits-Saint-Georges, Beaune, and Meursault):* Celebrations glorify native Burgundy wine. Banquets, auctions, samples.
FAIR *(Dec. 7-23, Strasbourg):* Yearly Christmastime exhibition.
RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION *(Dec. 8, Lourdes):* Festival of the Immaculate Conception.
CHRISTMAS EVE OBSERVANCE *(Dec. 24, Perouges).*
MIDNIGHT MASS *(Dec. 24, Les Baux):* Religious service in ancient church.

Aloha Week

THE old Hawaiian custom of *makahiki* (thanksgiving)—a time for hula dancing and the presentation of gifts to local chiefs after the crops have been harvested—was the inspiration for Hawaii's first annual Aloha Week in October 1948. The festival was launched by civic leaders who wanted to preserve the old ways and also attract visitors. Since then Aloha Week has become one of Hawaii's major tourist attractions as well as one of the world's more colorful carnivals.

This year the celebration will be staged Oct. 13-18. Principal attractions will include an International Pageant in which the music and dances of at least a dozen races which inhabit the islands will be featured on Oct. 15; mass hula dancing by several hundred Hawaiians on Oct. 16; an Oriental-flavored Lantern Parade with dozens of brightly clad Chinese, Hawaiian, Japanese, Korean, and Samoan girls carrying lights and escorting floats on Oct. 17, and a *hukilau* (fishing festival or Hawaiian-style picnic) climaxed by a *luau* (native feast) at noon, Oct. 18. The celebration will close with the Aloha Week Ball, a formal social event to which the old-time residents will wear *holokus* (Hawaiian gowns) and other costumes remindful of the days when royalty ruled the islands.

—R. M., JR.

Hawaii

REGATTA *(Oct. 5-12, Honolulu):* Invitational boat races.
CONCERTS *(Oct. 7, 12, 21; Nov. 7, 16, 18, 28, Honolulu):* Honolulu Symphony Orchestra at McKinley Auditorium.
FAIR *(Oct. 9-12, Maui):* Maui County exhibition.
*ALOHA WEEK *(Oct. 13-18, islandwide):* (See box.)
HUKILAU *(Oct. 18, Nov. 15, Laie Beach):* Fishing party. Huge net used to surround school of fish.
BOAT RACE *(Oct. 30, Honolulu-Lahaina, Maui).*
ARMISTICE DAY *(Nov. 11, Honolulu):* Parades, at Wahiawa and other island cities, too.
SANTA CLAUS PARADE *(Nov. 28, Honolulu):* Procession in downtown area opens Christmas season.
PAGEANT, SINGING *(Dec. 24, Honolulu):* Main celebration at Iolani Palace.
SURFING DAY *(Dec. 25, Honolulu):* Outrigger canoe races a Christmas Day feature.

Italy

MUSIC *(Oct.-Nov., Milan):* Fall concert season at La Scala Theatre.
*ART SHOW *(Oct. 1-19, Venice):* Closing weeks of 26th International Biennial Art Show.
DRAMA *(Oct. 1-5, Venice):* The 13th International Theatre Festival.
MUSIC CONTESTS *(Oct. 15-31, Vercelli):* Third international music, singing contests.
OPERA, CONCERTS *(Nov., Palermo):* Fall season at the Politeama.
HANDICRAFT SHOW *(Nov. 1-30, Milan):* Fourth national show, contest for artistic handicrafts. Mosaics, textiles.
CONGRESS *(Nov. 2-9, Rome):* Thirteenth World Congress of Skal Clubs.
"PRESEPI" EXHIBITION-FAIR *(Dec., Naples):* Display, sale of Christmas cribs.
PIGEON SHOOTING *(Dec. 1-8, San Remo):* International contest; prizes worth 15 million lire (about $25,000).
OPERA SEASON *(Late in December):* La Scala, Milan; Rome Opera, Rome; San Carlo, Naples.

Japan

O-ESHIKI FESTIVAL (Oct. 12, Tokyo): Festivities at Hommon-ji Temple.
KENKA MATSURI *(Oct. 15, Himeji):* Religious procession in vicinity of Kobe.
PARADE *(Oct. 17, Nikko):* Procession at Toshogu Shrine, main streets.
JIDAI MATSURI *(Oct. 22, Kyoto):* Historical procession in Japan's ancient capital.
CULTURE DAY *(Nov. 3, nationwide):* Folk dancing, athletic events. Big celebration at Imperial Plaza, Tokyo.
SHICHI-GO-SAN *(Nov. 15, all shrines):* Annual pilgrimage by children 3, 5, 7 years old.
TOSHI-NO-ICHI *(Dec. 14, shrines, temples):* Year-end Fair. Bamboo rakes featured.

Mexico

JAI-ALAI *(Nightly except Monday, Mexico City):* Basque-type handball at Fronton, Mexico.
FIESTA *(Oct. 10-12, Tlacolula, State of Oaxaca):* Celebration ends at Santa Maria del Tule. Both towns on road to Mitla ruins.
FAIR *(Oct. 15-23, Ciudad Guzman, State of Jalisco):* Religious ceremonies, processions, folk dances.
ALL SAINTS' DAY *(Nov. 1, nationwide):* Tribute to dead, often observed with picnics at cemeteries.
FEAST OF GUADALUPE *(Dec. 12, nationwide):* Patroness of Mexico honored with religious dances, processions.
POSADAS *(Dec. 16-24, nationwide):* Latin version of journey of Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem.
NATIVITY PLAYS *(Christmastime, nationwide):* Traditional Christmas celebration featuring Pageant of the Shepherds.

Portugal

*PILGRIMAGE *(Oct. 12, 13, Fatima):* Second of two annual pilgrimages to Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima.
AUTO RACE *(Oct. 19, Lisbon):* Grand Prix by Automobile Club of Portugal.
FAIR *(Nov. 8, Golega):* St. Martin's annual regional fair.
NEW YEAR'S EVE *(Dec. 31, Funchal):* St. Silvester's festivities capped by gigantic fireworks display at midnight.

Spain

BULL FIGHTS: *Soria, Oct. 2; Zafra, Oct. 4; Saragossa, Oct. 11-18* (attracts some of the country's top fighters); *Jaen, Oct. 17.* Usually closes Spanish season.
PATRIOTIC PROCESSION *(Oct. 9, Valencia):* Anniversary of reconquest of city.
*RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL *(Oct. 11-18, Saragossa):* Grand general rosary, folklore rally, meeting of giants, dwarfs, fireworks.
MOTOR RACE *(Oct. 26, Barcelona):* Twelfth Grand Prix Rhin; 9th Barcelona Cup.
OPERA *(Nov. 25-Feb. 8, Barcelona):* Opening of opera season at Teatro del Liceo.
RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION *(Dec. 12, Guadalupe):* Honors Our Lady of Guadalupe.
SACRED MUSIC CONCERT *(Dec. 24, Montserrat):* Famous for music by choir of young boys.
BATTLE ANNIVERSARY *(Dec. 31, Palma de Mallorca):* Festival marks reconquest of Palma.

Sweden

NOBEL PRIZES *(Dec. 10, Stockholm):* Scientific, literary prizes given here. Peace prize bestowed in Oslo, Norway.
ST. LUCIA DAY *(Dec. 13, nationwide):* Queen of Light Day features parties where young girl wears crown of lighted candles.

Switzerland

CONCERTS *(October, Montreux):* Seventh annual season of symphonic music.
MUSIC CONTESTS *(Oct. 1-5, Geneva):* International competitions for musicians.
*AMERICAN ART, MUSIC WEEKS *(Oct. 11-21, Basel):* Works of Americans featured in exhibits, at museums, in the theatre.

Yugoslavia

*MUSIC CONTESTS *(Oct. 19-26, Sarajevo):* Competitions for Yugoslav pianists, singers, violinists.
HOCKEY *(Nov. 30, Belgrad):* Finals for national championship.

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.

Further information about these or other overseas events may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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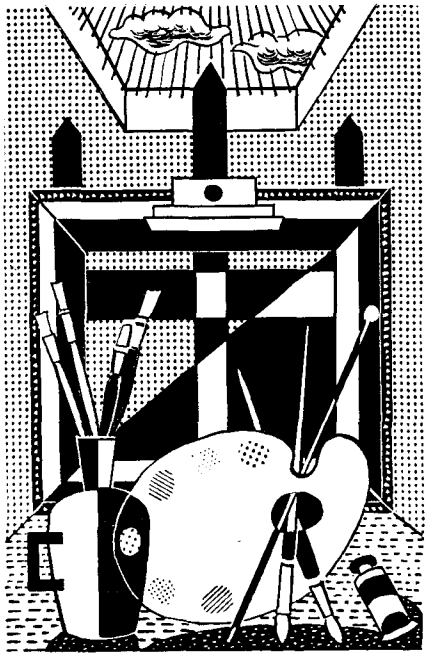
THE FINE ARTS

CUBISM & FUTURISM AFTER FORTY YEARS

THE other evening a friend told me the beguiling story of Lady Exeter's duck. It seems that members of the English nobility used to be troubled when their turquoise jewelry began with time to darken and lose its luster. The infallible remedy was to feed the stones to Lady Exeter's duck, from whose digestive tract the jewels would presently emerge in pristine condition and color.

However far-fetched the simile, a comparable feat of legerdemain has been performed by the Museum of Modern Art's current exhibition of cubist works from its own collection. For even if these works had never really diminished in quality, they have never reappeared to better advantage than in the present show. The installation is superb, the level of quality magnificently high. One feels on visiting the exhibition that, whatever other movements in modern art may still be open to critical reappraisal, cubism is there for the ages—a truly great revolution in the creative arts.

Cubism had to begin with the estimable advantage of claiming two extremely talented protagonists, Picasso and Braque, the former volatile and quick, the latter grave and slow. It is surprising that the two men's differences in temperament should disappear so completely in their pictures of 1911—the golden year of their collaboration. An expert eye is needed to identify the "Man with a Guitar" as by Braque and "Ma Jolie" as by Picasso. In both paintings an intense dedication to program tempers the impact of individual personality, and the story may not be altogether apocryphal that Picasso once was unable to say whether a certain picture of 1911 had been done by himself or by Braque. Yet what is remarkable is that "Man with a Guitar" and "Ma Jolie" are among the most poetic works in the exhibition, as though to prove again that the lyric act is not necessarily private but can be collaborative, as here. Whose creative vision initiated this joint ecstasy (the word is not too strong) is still a matter of dispute, even if the evidence is nearly all in Picasso's favor. At any rate, the two artists soon parted company and differed more and more in style. For a few years Braque's mastery of color and texture kept him in Picasso's rare company as an artist; his big collage called "Guitar" of 1913-14 is serenely beautiful. But gradually, I think, Picasso's superior graphic talents began to count, to sustain an inventive genius far more pronounced than that of his ex-colleague. Perhaps I give too great importance to the role of draftsmanship in establishing Picasso as *the* master of the two. But I've never seen a very good drawing by Braque; I've seen literally hundreds by Picasso. And the latter's vigor of line comes through even in his most "abstract" works. His tonal sense was not as tasteful as Braque's, but it was more subtle and daring. And, finally, he was and remains one of the most extraordinary creators of imagery, in the iconographic meaning of the term, in the long history of art. His famed "Three Musicians" of 1921 goes way beyond the formalistic enrichment of cubism to which he and his rival were dedicated after the first years of their collaboration. It has what might be called an acuteness of discovery, as if it were the result of sudden vision rather than of calculated manipulation of form.



A second advantage of cubism as a movement was that it soon attracted a third artist of great talent—Juan Gris. From 1911 until roughly 1920 Gris produced a number of exquisitely disciplined canvases and drawings which for purity of control put one in mind of no less a master than Seurat. Gris seems in a sense to have been the conscience of cubism, applying to the discoveries of Picasso and Braque an exacting restraint which nevertheless achieves its own emotional warmth. His contribution was not so much melodic as it was a final adjustment of pitch. We see that clearly on the wall in the Museum's show, where his "The Chessboard" hangs with Picasso's "Card Player" and La Fresnaye's "Still Life" of 1914. The last-named picture takes an opposite course. It breaks decidedly with the muted harmonies of earlier cubism and proposes a revival of traditional French *bon gout*, using bright, clear colors of which the artists of eighteenth-century French Rococo might have approved. The purist devotees of abstract art are often contemptuous of La Fresnaye's achievement, feeling that he softened cubism's austerity in favor of decorative grace. I can't see that this is the case; his "Conquest of the Air" in the present show is not merely charming; it has the structural dignity and elegiac overtones of a Poussin.

TWO other French painters allied with cubism—Marcel Duchamp and Fernan Léger—are well represented in the museum's exhibition. Duchamp's "Le Passage de la Vièrge á la Mariée" (see illustration) is a small picture, but it conveys adequately that enigmatic artist's use of organic, almost visceral forms to suggest labyrinthine space. As nearly everyone knows by now, Duchamp early abandoned painting for chess, a game in which the immense proceeds of his intelligence could be obliterated by a sweep of his hand. But he had already opened a road which many younger artists have thought worth exploring. To the strict architectonics of the original cubists he opposed, in this picture, a winding system of perspective combined with strong ironic content, so that one is reminded, however obliquely, of the Laocoön rather than of Cézanne's "Mont Ste. Victoire." His spirituality would be utterly alien to Léger, whose figures in the famous "Breakfast" of 1920 are like inspired progeny of the Tin Woodman in "The Wizard of Oz," and who has consistently been inspired by the mechanical rather than the metaphysical aspects of our civilization. While admiring greatly the harsh force of Léger's art, I must confess to an apparently unquenchable irritation with its clumsiness. I realize the clumsiness is deliberate. I'm not sure that fact excuses it entirely except in a few masterworks like "The Breakfast."

I feel somehow a comparable irrita-

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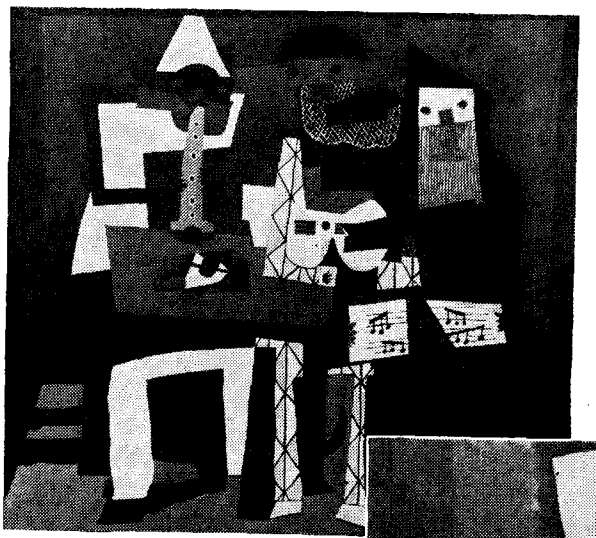
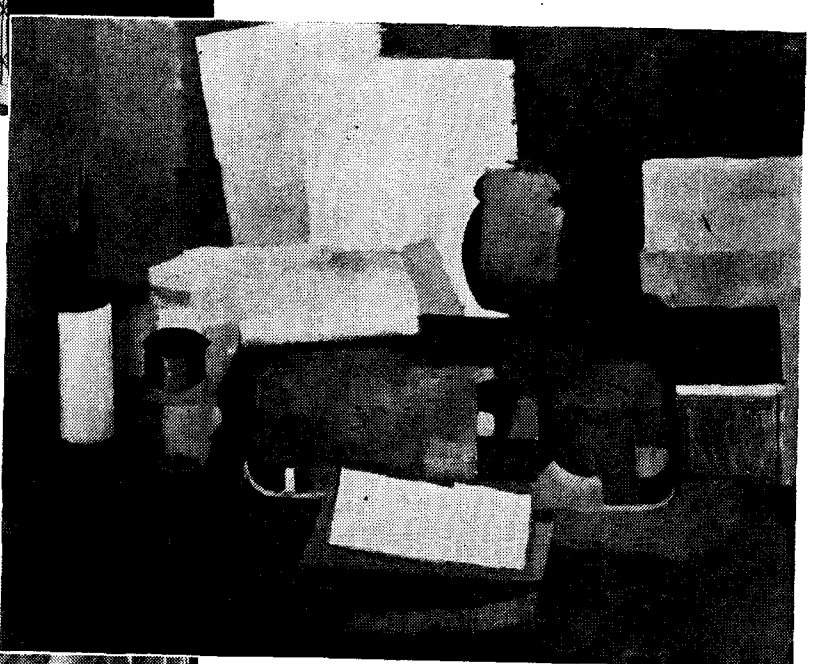
Some Masters of Cubism & Futurism

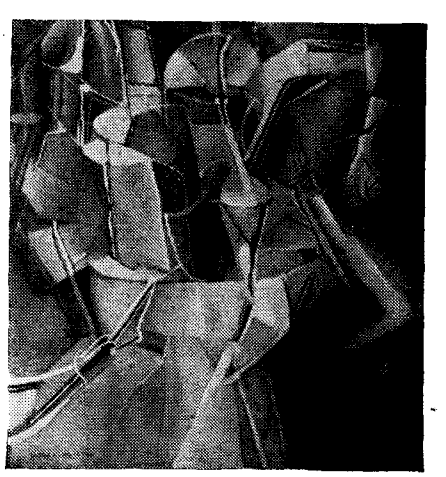


"Three Musicians," by Pablo Picasso (1921).

"Still Life," by Roger de la Fresnaye (c. 1914).



"Dynamic Hieroglyphic of the Bal Tabarin," by Gino Severini (1912).



"Le Passage de la Vierge à la Mariée," by Marcel Duchamp (1912).

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tion with most, though not all, cubist sculpture. There are a few fine pieces in the present show, notably Duchamp-Villon's "The Lovers" and Lipschitz's "Seated Pierrot." But, on the whole, cubist sculpture seems to me over-insistent, as though its creators had set out to prove ploddingly in stone the painters' abstract equations. The cubist prints in this exhibition, on the other hand, are uniformly fine in quality. Indeed, engraving appears to have been the most successful school medium for cubism. The prints of such lesser artists as Gleizes and Marcoussis are almost as good at times as those of their masters, Picasso and Braque.

A SECOND section of the Museum of Modern Art's current exhibition is given over to the Italian futurists. And quite appropriately the section begins with two paintings by Giacomo Balla, dean of the futurist artists and once the most advanced of them in technique. Balla's kinetic innovations are by now well-known; his talents as a colorist still deserve a fuller acclaim. Balla's ex-pupil Umberto Boccioni is represented in the Museum show by his greatest painting, "The City Rises" (reproduced in this column two months ago), by five drawings, and by two sculptures, including "Unique Forms of Continuity in Space," a masterpiece of originality whose flared contours foretell the contemporary cult for streamlining.

Carlo Carrà, the only veteran of both the leading movements in modern Italian art—futurism and the *scuola metafisica*—is shown by the huge "Funeral of the Anarchist Galli," painted in 1911. This somber yet impressive work contrasts drastically with Gino Severini's marvelously gaudy "Dynamic Hieroglyphic of the Bal Tabarin" (see reproduction), its tones as glossy and unabashed as those of the sequins affixed to its surface. Unlike the other futurists, Severini had been living in Paris before the futurist manifestoes were issued. Perhaps this fact explains the tasteful grace of his painting. In any case, it was he who urged his Italian colleagues to come to Paris and free their art of provincial inhibitions. It was he presumably who showed them the work of the cubists. And if the futurists eventually owed much to the latter, we see now that their own contribution was quite different and valid.

The show at the Museum of Modern Art will not, I think, challenge the superiority of cubism, but it does reveal futurism as an estimable movement in its own right.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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Art includes Edgar Guest as well as Shakespeare; *The Little Minister* and *Prisoner of Zenda* as well as *Le Rouge et Le Noir* and *Brothers Karamazow*; Bouguereau and Maxfield Parish as well as El Greco and Cézanne; *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* as well as *Eroica Symphony*. Each is needed, in due and hygienic proportion, even if only for the briefest taste.

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ALMOST fifty years ago, A. C. Bradley, lecturing as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, urged his hearers "to study the letters of Keats." The best of his poems, Bradley said, "can be fully appreciated without extraneous help; but the letters throw light on all, and they are almost necessary to the understanding of 'Endymion' and of some of the earlier or contemporaneous pieces." They are also, certainly, necessary to an understanding of Keats's character, intellect, and genius. Speaking generally, they are a matchless revelation of the poetic temperament, or of one kind of poetic temperament; descending to a single particular, they make us understand Keats's conception of Beauty, and the breadth and depth of the word as he used it. For any reader interested in the mysteries of literary creativity they are among the most fascinating letters ever written. And they give abundant proof that there was iron in Keats's nature as well as fire. "My own domestic criticism," he wrote Hessey in 1818, "has given me pain without comparison beyond what *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* could possibly inflict, and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary reperception and ratification of what is fine . . . I was never afraid of failure; for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest." These are proud words. Yet Bradley was right when he said that "no letters extant breathe a more simple and natural modesty than these; and from end to end thay exhibit hardly a trace, if any trace, either of the irritable vanity attributed to poets, or of the sublime egotism of Milton and Wordsworth. He was of Shakespeare's tribe." Yes, he was of Shakespeare's tribe—but he was dead at twenty-five. All of which brings me to the announcement that the Oxford University Press has published the fourth edition of "The Letters of John Keats" ($7), edited by Maurice Buxton Forman. This edition is superior to the second, which I have treasured since 1935, only by virtue of minor revisions and additions.

Another recently reissued, expanded volume that I prize highly is "Shakespeare: The Complete Works" (Harcourt, Brace, $10), edited by G. B. Harrison. When the earlier, less complete version of this book was published in 1948, under the title of "Shakespeare: 23 Plays and the Sonnets," I wrote here that it should reach, delight, and instruct a far larger audience than the one composed of college students for which it had been specifically designed, and that I knew of no other single volume that contained so much material relevant to the study and understanding of Shakespeare's work. To add anything to that now would, I think, be to paint the lily.

In "GBS: A Full-Length Portrait and a Postscript" (Harper, $5) are combined two books by Shaw's best biographer, Hesketh Pearson. Like Socrates, Pearson had the gift of asking the right questions, and the result of his questioning, plus other research, justifies his claim that Shaw "was one of the outstanding 'characters' of history." "GBS" gives us the character, and much of the dramatist, with his limitations as well as his endowments. One of his most serious limitations is suggested by his statement to Cecil Chesterton that "the sexual act was to him monstrous and indecent and that he could not understand how any self-respecting man and woman could face each other in the daylight after spending the night together." Here, surely, spoke one who was not of Shakespeare's tribe.

With the publication of John Donne's "Essays in Divinity" ($4) Oxford makes available an important body of Donne's writings that has, until now, been hard to come by. Richard Le Gallienne's "The Romantic '90's" has been reissued with an introduction by H. Montgomery Hyde (Macmillan, $3). It is an undistinguished piece of writing, but stuffed with entertaining anecdotes. Philip C. Duschnes continues to import the attractive volumes of the Folio Society of London. Recent arrivals include two old favorites—"Madame Bovary" ($5), cleverly illustrated by Grau Sala, and "The Vicar of Wakefield" ($3.75), fancifully illustrated by Margaret Wetherbee—and a literary curiosity, of which there were only a few known copies prior to this edition, Thomas Jefferson Hogg's "Memoirs of Prince Alexy Haimatoff" ($3.75), to which I hope to return later.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. American writer (1889-; "Man and his World", etc.).	89 23 5 19 79
B. Invaders of Asia Minor in Biblical times.	118 92 136 104 158 148 11 100
C. One of the basic treatises of Vedic literature.	90 43 29 36 7 82 65 95 150
D. Courageously persistent (colloq.).	61 28 129 124 102 122
E. French composer (1799-1862; "La Juive", etc.).	165 48 76 27 139 175
F. Cabbage cooked in a vinegar dressing, served as a relish (2 wds.).	45 110 105 74 4 35 161
G. A melanocratic extrusive rock (petrog.).	168 42 20 44 98 70 1 153 66
H. The retaking of a prize or goods (inter. law).	69 99 144 155 171 117 111 169 108
I. With "Hosea" pseudonym of James Russell Lowell.	113 59 141 91 151 21
J. Withdrawal of troops or population from a territory (mil.).	134 167 116 154 13 127 164 18 68 173
K. The patas and related species (2 wds.).	88 132 37 2 176 63 107 145 109

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. President of Dartmouth College, 1893-1909.	159 55 8 131 40 163
M. Roman Emperor, 98-117.	179 112 121 12 138 60
N. Greek maiden rescued by Hercules from a sea monster (Gr. myth.).	31 22 14 62 77 85 51
O. Uttered by a brief and sudden impulse.	87 72 140 130 33 50 119 81 172 71
P. Colonial family of prominent Congregational clergymen.	93 9 41 17 115 137
Q. Conspicuous.	162 147 30 52 15 142 96 71 125 174 3
R. Leaves out.	84 10 123 16 34
S. River, Leningrad region of Soviet Russia, Europe.	101 24 26 106
T. A baseball diamond.	103 143 177 80 39 57 6
U. English satirist (1667-1745).	126 128 149 38 53
V. Please (German).	146 56 64 75 46
W. Not intellectual (comp.; slang).	49 32 83 54 114 78 67 166 133
X. Terse of speech.	73 152 120 25 156 58 170
Y. Maintained being.	157 135 178 160 47 94 86

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 G	2 K	■	3 Q	4 F	5 A	6 T	■	7 C	■
8 L	9 P	10 R	11 B	■	12 M	13 J	14 N	15 Q	■	16 R	17 P	18 J	19 A	20 G	■	21 I
22 N	23 A	24 S	■	25 X	26 S	27 E	28 D	■	29 C	■	30 Q	31 N	32 W	33 O	34 R	35 F
36 C	37 K	■	38 U	39 T	40 L	41 P	■	42 G	43 C	■	44 G	45 F	46 V	■	47 Y	48 E
49 W	50 O	51 N	52 Q	53 U	■	54 W	55 L	56 V	57 T	58 X	59 I	60 M	61 D	■	62 N	63 K
■	64 V	65 C	66 G	■	67 W	68 J	69 H	70 G	71 O	■	72 O	73 X	74 F	75 V	■	76 E
77 N	78 W	79 A	■	80 T	81 O	82 C	■	83 W	84 R	85 N	86 X	87 O	88 K	89 A	90 C	91 I
■	92 B	■	93 P	94 Y	95 C	96 Q	■	97 Q	98 G	99 H	100 B	101 S	102 D	■	103 T	104 B
■	105 F	106 S	107 K	108 H	■	109 K	110 F	111 H	112 M	■	113 I	114 W	115 P	116 J	117 H	118 B
■	119 O	120 X	121 M	122 D	■	123 R	124 D	■	125 Q	126 U	■	127 J	■	128 U	129 D	130 O
131 L	132 K	133 W	■	134 J	135 Y	136 B	137 P	138 M	139 E	140 O	141 I	142 Q	143 T	144 H	145 K	■
146 V	147 Q	148 B	■	149 U	■	150 C	151 I	152 X	153 G	■	154 J	155 H	156 X	157 Y	■	158 B
159 L	160 Y	■	161 F	162 Q	163 L	164 J	165 E	■	166 W	167 J	168 G	169 H	170 X	■	171 H	172 O
173 J	174 Q	175 E	■	176 K	177 T	■	178 Y	179 M	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 34 of this issue.

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Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

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Facts about the Club every reading family should know

YOUR CHOICE IS WIDE: In addition to the monthly selections, the Club makes available Special Members' Editions of widely discussed books. *Thus your choice is wide—at least 100 books a year.* You receive a careful advance description of each selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may simply say: "Send me nothing."

WHAT YOU PAY...AND HOW: You simply pay *the special members' price* for each selection you buy, which is usually lower than the regular retail price. A bill is mailed with each book you indicate you want. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

BOOK-DIVIDEND PLAN . . . WHAT IT IS: After your first purchase, with every second book you buy — from among the Club selections and Special Editions—you receive a Book-Dividend. This member-profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is invested in enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend given without charge to members. *An average of two million dollars' worth of such free books (retail value) during every two-month period is now distributed among members.*

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